THE THIRD AND FOVRTH BOOKE OF AYRES:

Composed BY

Thomas Campian.

So as they may be expressed by one *Voyce*, with a *Viol*, *Lute*, or *Orpharion*.

LONDON:
Printed by *Thomas Snodham*.

Cum Priuilegio.

A Table of all the Songs contayned in the two Bookes following.

The table of the first Booke.

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FINIS.

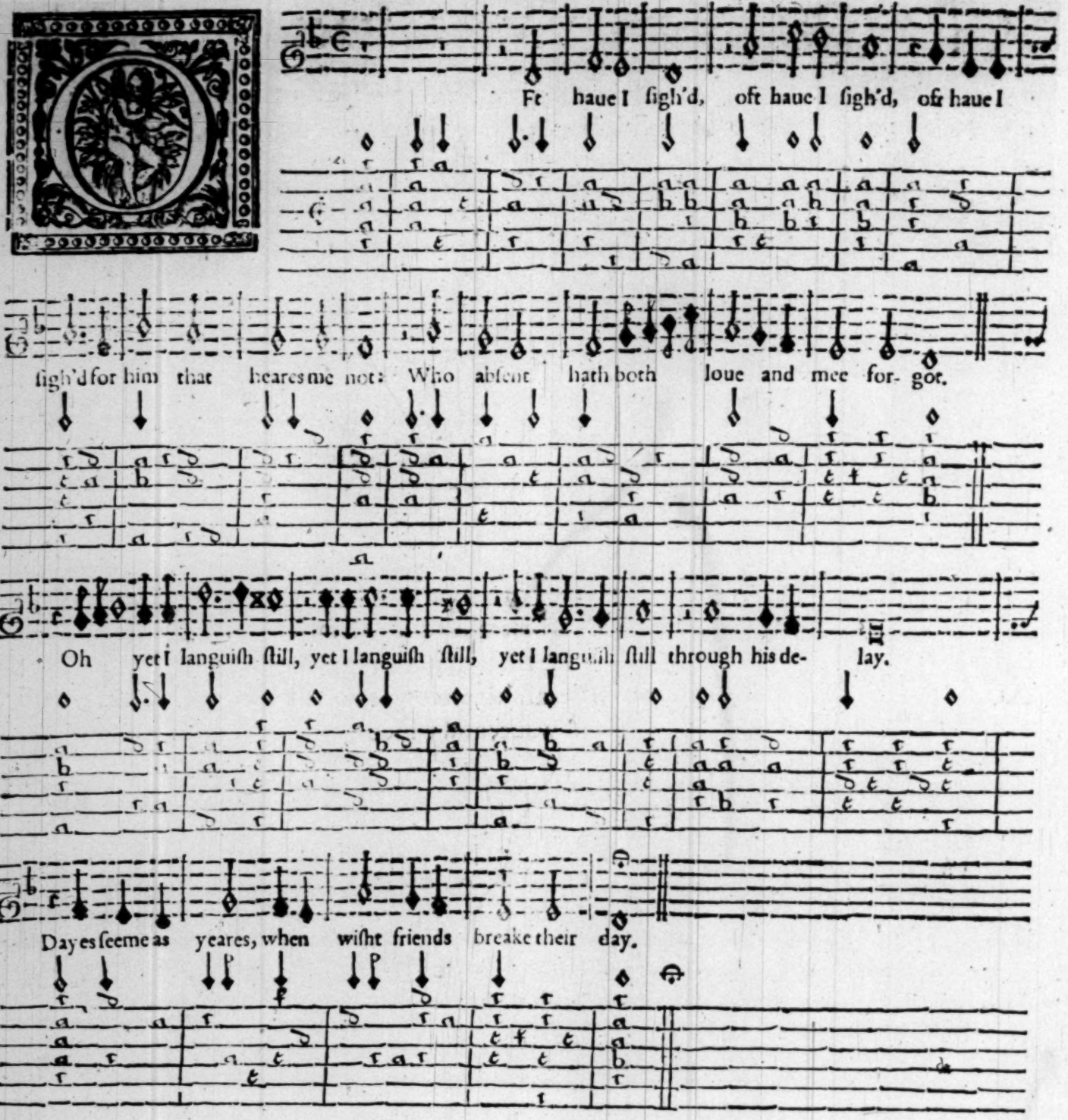
TO MY HONOVRABLE FRIEND,

Sr. THOMAS MOVNSON, *KNIGHT AND BARONET.*

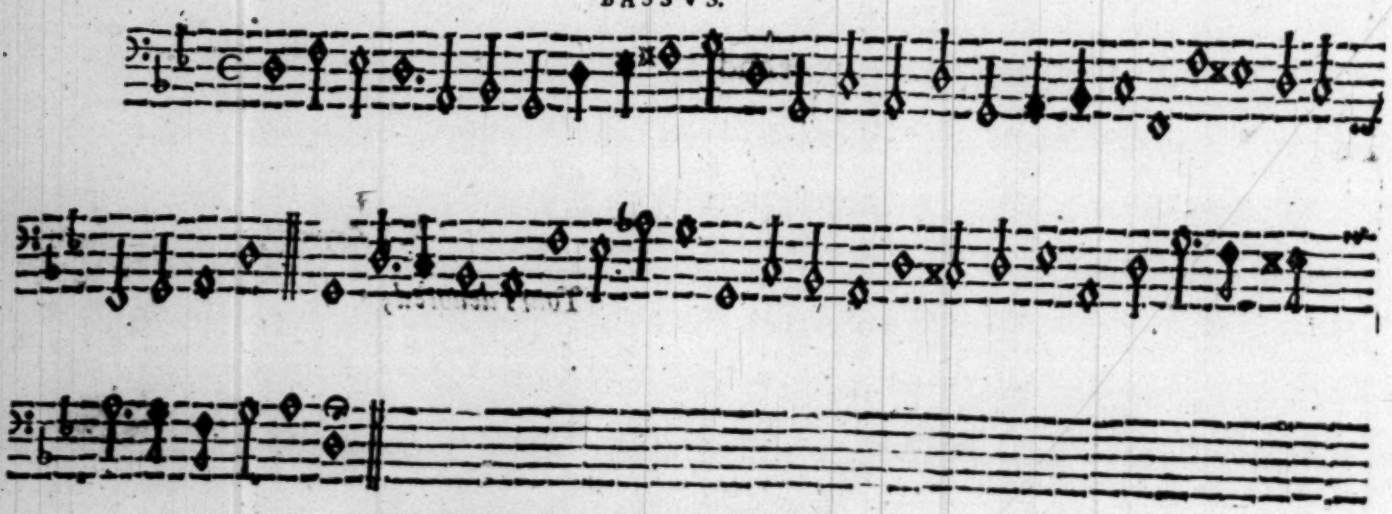
SInce now thoſe clouds, that lately ouer-caſt
Your Fame and Fortune, are diſperſt at laſt:
And now ſince all to you fayre greetings make,
Some out of loue, and ſome for pitties ſake:
Shall I but with a common ſtile ſalute
Your new enlargement? or ſtand onely mute?
I, to whoſe truſt and care you durſt commit
Your pined health, when Arte deſpayr'd of it?
I, that in your affliction often view'd
In you the fruits of manly fortitude,
Patience, and euen conſtancie of minde,
That Rocke-like ſtood, and ſcorn'd both waue, and winde?
Should I for all your ancient loue to me
Endow'd with waighty fauours, ſilent be?
Your merits, and my gratitude forbid
That eyther ſhould in *Lethean* Gulfe lye hid.
But how ſhall I this worke of fame expreſſe?
How can I better, after penſiueneſſe,
Then with light ſtraynes of Muſicke, made to moue
Sweetly with the wide-ſpreading plumes of loue?
Theſe youth-borne *Ayres* then, priſon'd in this Booke,
VVhich in your Bowres much of their beeing tooke,
Accept as a kinde offring from that hand
VVhich ioyn'd with heart your vertue may command.
VVho loue a ſure friend, as all good men doe,
Since ſuch you are, let thoſe affect you to:
And may the ioyes of that Crowne neuer end,
That innocence doth pitty, and defend.

Yours deuoted,

THOMAS CAMPIAN.



BASSVS.



AIR.

If shee but lou'd as common louers vse,
His faithlesse stay some kindnesse would excuse:
O yet I languish still, still constant mourne
For him that can breake vowes, but not returne.

Now let her change and ſpare not, Since ſhe proues ſtrange I care not: Fain'd loue charm'd ſo

my de- light, That ſtill I doted on her ſight. But ſhe is gone new toies imbracing And my deſires diſ-gracing

BASSVS.

2 When did I erre in blindneſſe?
Or vexe her with vnkindneſſe?
If my cares ſeru'd her alone;
Why is ſhee thus vntimely gone?
True loue abides to t'houre of dying;
False loue is euer lying.

3 False then farewell for euer:
Once false proues faithfull neuer.
Hee that boasts now of thy loue,
Shall soone my present fortunes proue.
Were he as faire as bright *Adonis*;
Faith is not had where none is.

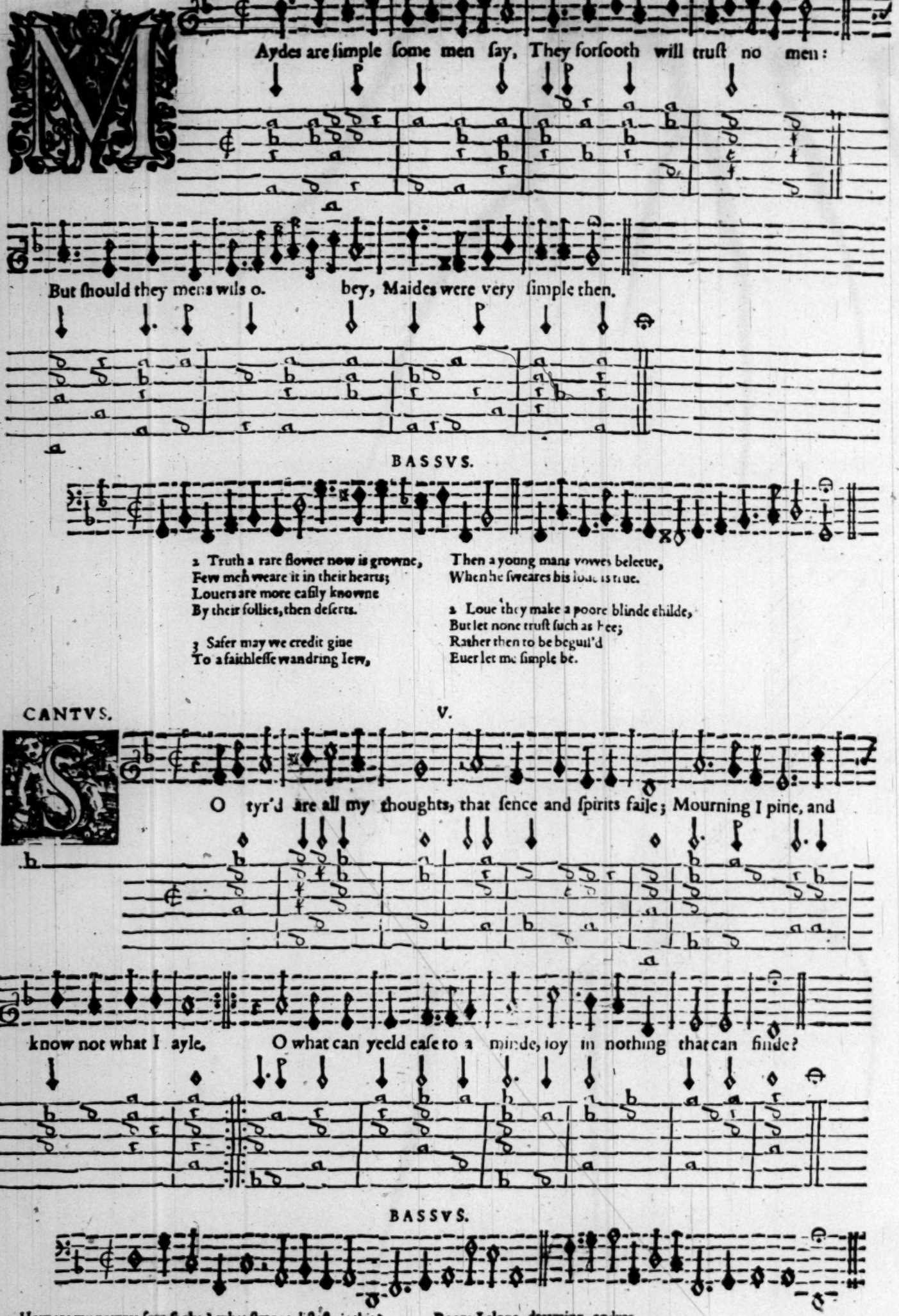
For my hart as ſome mens are, thy errours would not moue me: But thy faults I cu- rious Patience is a thing di-

finde and ſpeake, becauſe I loue thee:
uine, and farre I grant a-boue mee.

BASSVS.

2 Foes ſometimes befriend vs more, our blacker deedes obiecting,
Then th'obſequious boſome gueſt, with falſe reſpect affecting:
Friendſhip is the glaſſe of Truth, our hidden ſtaines detecting.

3 While I vſe of eyes enioy, and inward light of reaſon,
Thy obſeruer will I be, and cenſor, but in ſeaſon:
Hidden miſchiefe to conceale in State, and Loue is treaſon.



2 Truth a rare flower now is growne,
Few meh weare it in their hearts;
Louers are more eaſily knowne
By their follies, then deſerts.

3 Safer may we credit giue
To a faithleſſe wandring Iew,
Then a young mans vowes beleeue,
When he ſweares his loue is true.

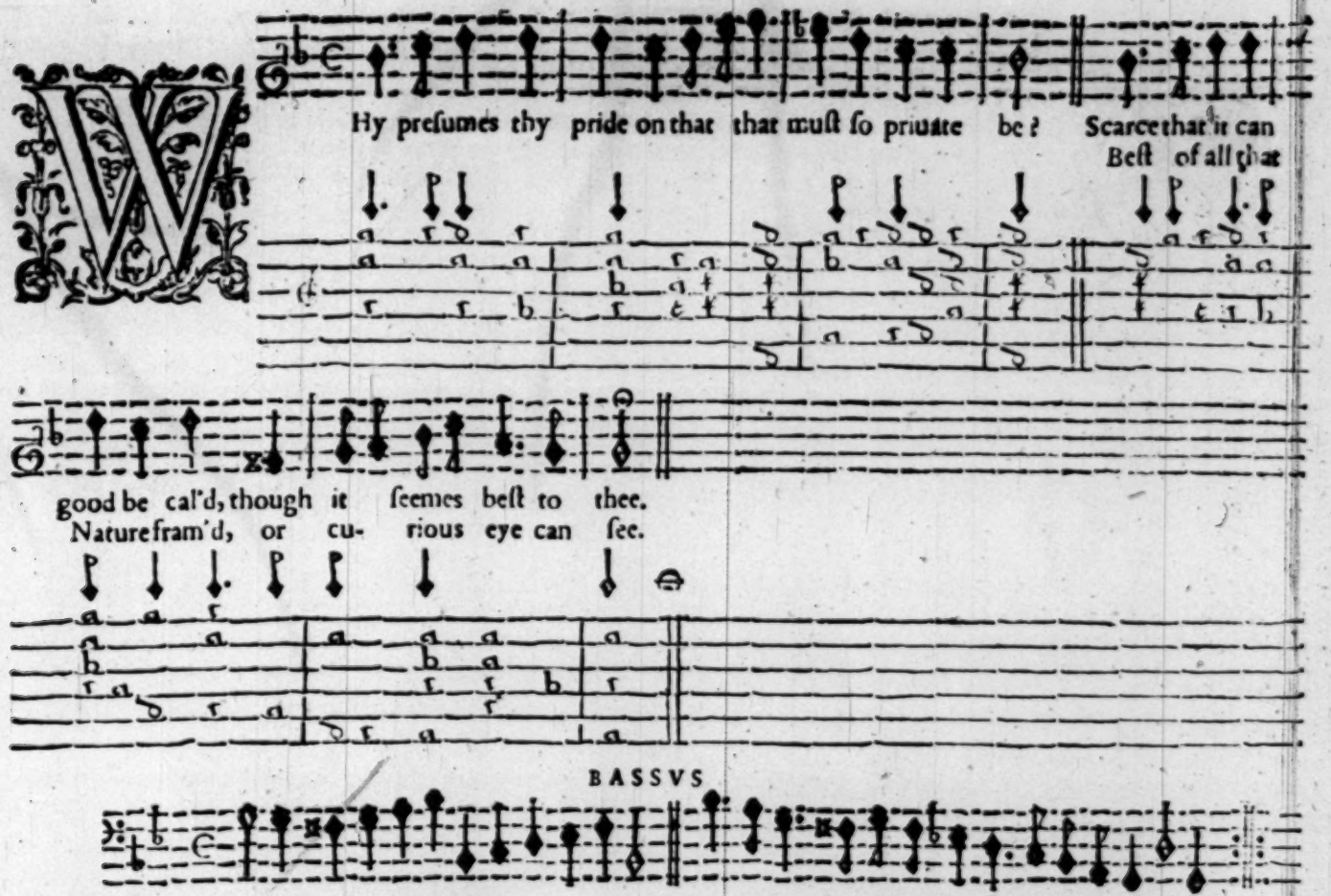
2 Loue they make a poore blinde childe,
But let none truſt ſuch as hee;
Rather then to be beguil'd
Euer let me ſimple be.

CANTVS. V.

2 How are my powres ſore-ſpoke? what ſtrange diſtaſte is this?
Hence cruell hate of that which ſweeteſt is:
Come, come delight, make my dull braine
Feele once heate of ioy againe.

3 The louers teares are ſweet, their moner makes them ſo:
Proud of a wound the bleeding Souldiers grow:
Poore I alone, dreaming, endure
Griefe that knowes nor cauſe, nor cure.

And whence can all this grow? euen from an idle minde,
That no delight in any good can finde.
Action alone makes the ſoule bleſt;
Vertue dyes with too much reſt.



BASSVS

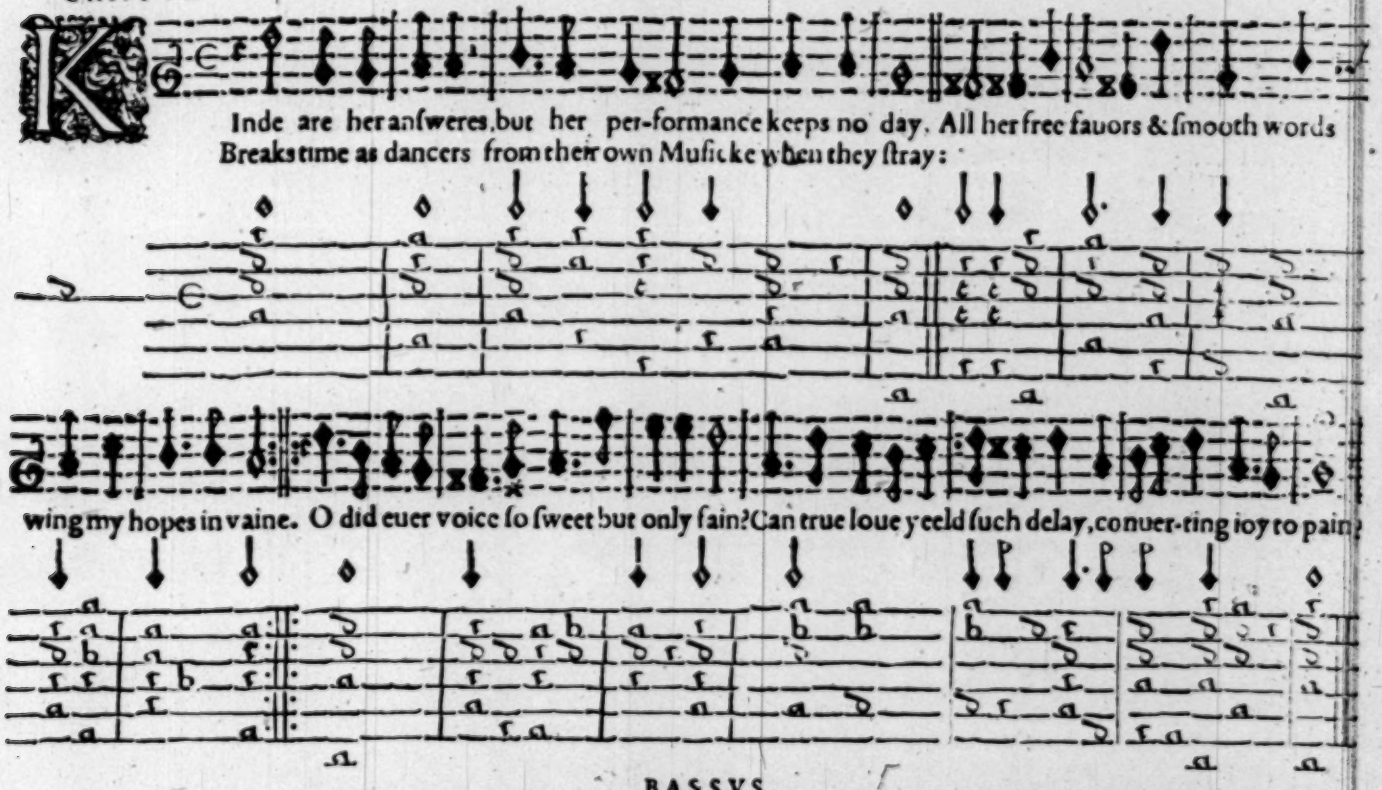
a Tis thy beauty, foo'lish Maid, that like a blossome growes,
Which who viewes no more enioyes then on a bush a Rose,
That by manies handling fades; and thou art one of those.

3 If to one thou shalt proue true, and all beside reiect,
Then art thou but one mans good, which yeelds a poore effect;
For the common'st good by farre deserues the best respect.

4 But if for this goodnesse thou thy selfe wilt common make,
Thou art then not good at all; so thou canst no way take
But to proue the meanest good, or else all good forsake.

5 Be not then of beauty proud, but so her colours beare,
That they proue not staines to her that them for grace should weare;
So shalt thou to all more fayre then thou wert borne appeare.

CANTVS. VII.



BASSVS.

a Lost is our freedome,
When we submit to women so:
Why doe wee neede them,
When in their best they worke our woe?
There is no wisedome
Can alter ends by Fate prefixt;
O why is the good of man with euill mixt?
Neuer were dayes yet ca'd two,
But one night went betwixt.

Griefe, O ſpight, to ſee poore Vertue ſcorn'd, Truth far ex- ild, Falſe arte lou'd:

Vice a- dor'd, Free Iuſtice ſold, worſt cauſes beſt adorn'd, Right caſt by Powre, Pittie in vaine implor'd!

O who in ſuch an age could wiſh to liue, When none can haue or hold but ſuch as giue?

BASSVS.

2 O times! O men! to Nature rebels growne;
Poore in deſert; in name rich; proud of ſhame;
Wiſe, but in ill: your ſtiles are not your owne,
Though dearely bought, honour is honeſt fame.
Old Stories onely goodneſſe now containe,
And the true wiſedome, that is iuſt, and plaine.

Ne-uer to be moued, O beau-ty vn relen- ting: Why did I dreame
Hard hart too dearely loued, Fond loue too late repen- ting!

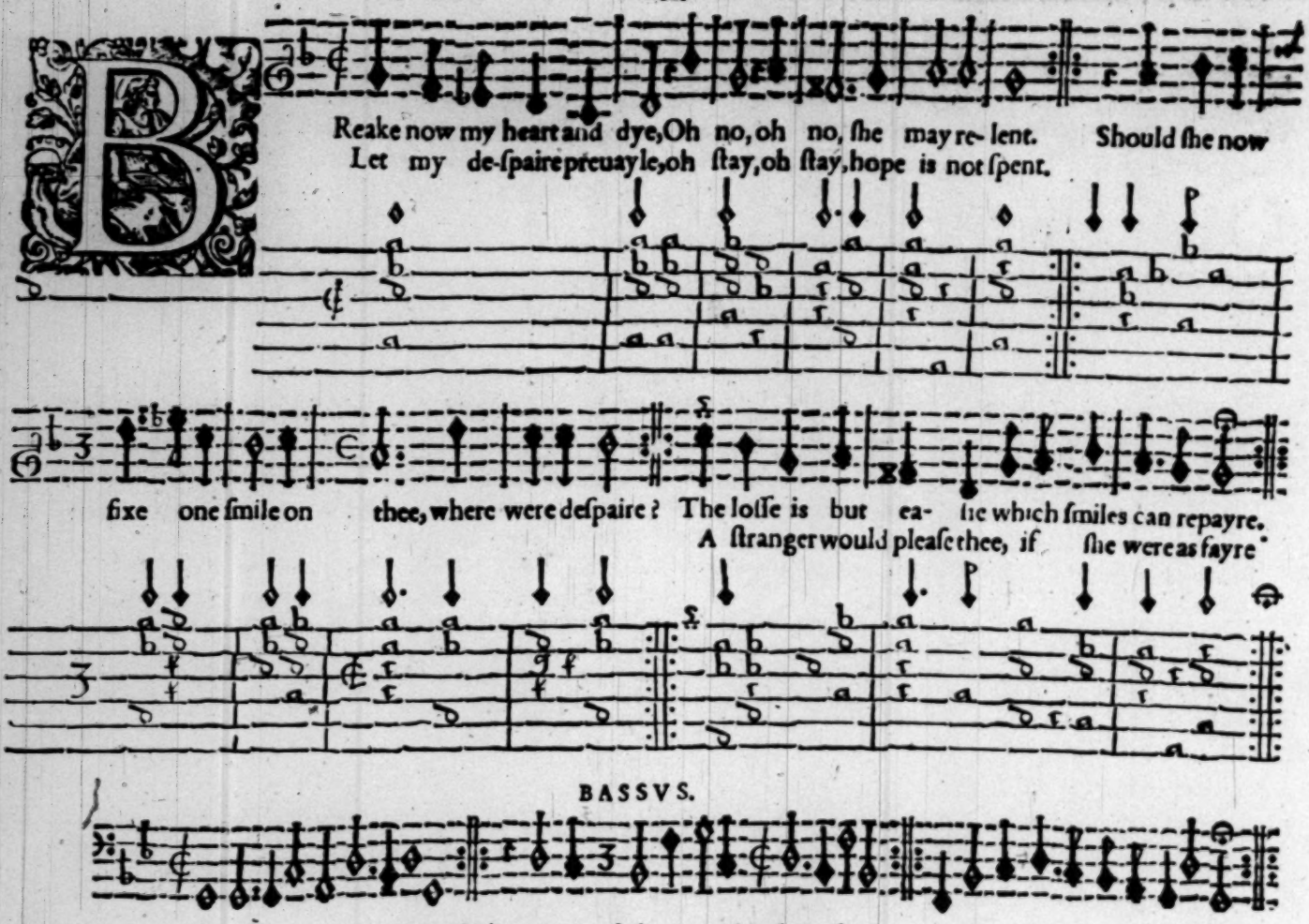
of too much blisse? Deceitfull hope was cause of this. O heare, ô heare, ô heare mee speake, O

heare mee speake this and no more, this and no more, this and no more, Liue you in ioy, while I

my woes, my woes de- plore.

BASSVS.

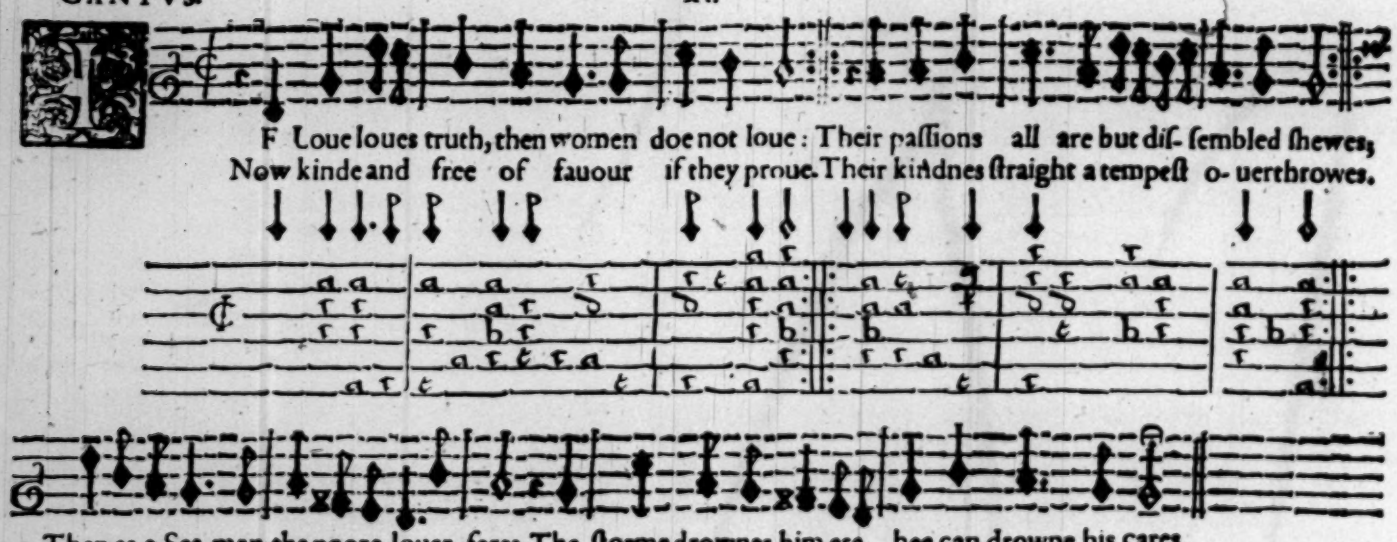
2 All comforts despayred
Distaste your bitter scorning,
Great sorrowes vnrepayred
Admit no meane in mourning:
Dye wretch, since hope from thee is fled;
He that must dye is better dead.
O deare delight, yet ere I dye
Some pitty shew, though you relieue deny.



BASSVS.

2 Her must I loue or none, so sweet none breathes as shee,
The more is my despayre, alas shee loues not mee:
But cannot time make way for loue through ribs of steele?
The Grecian inchanted all parts but the heele,
At last a shaft daunted which his hart did feele.

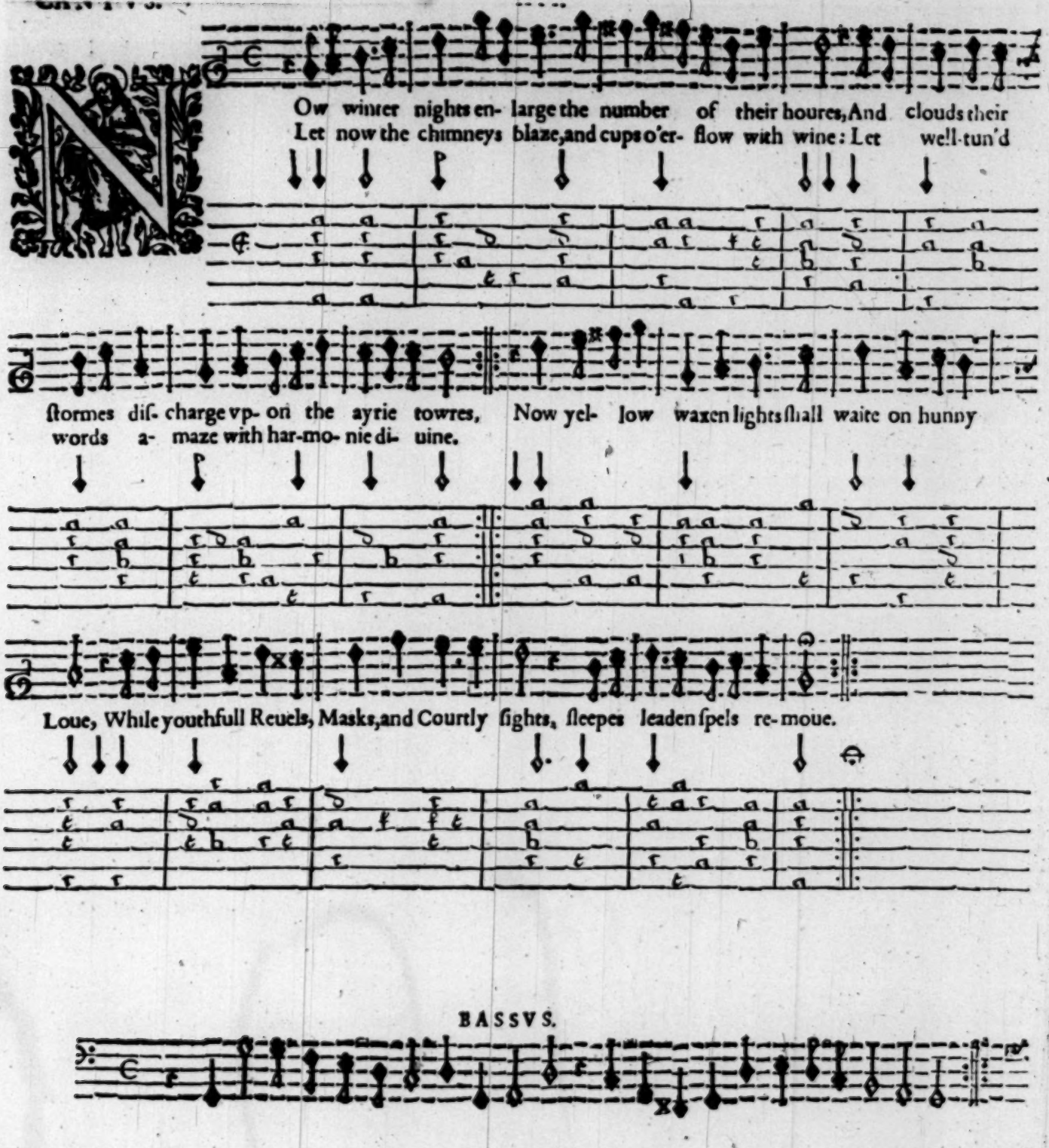
CANTVS. XI.



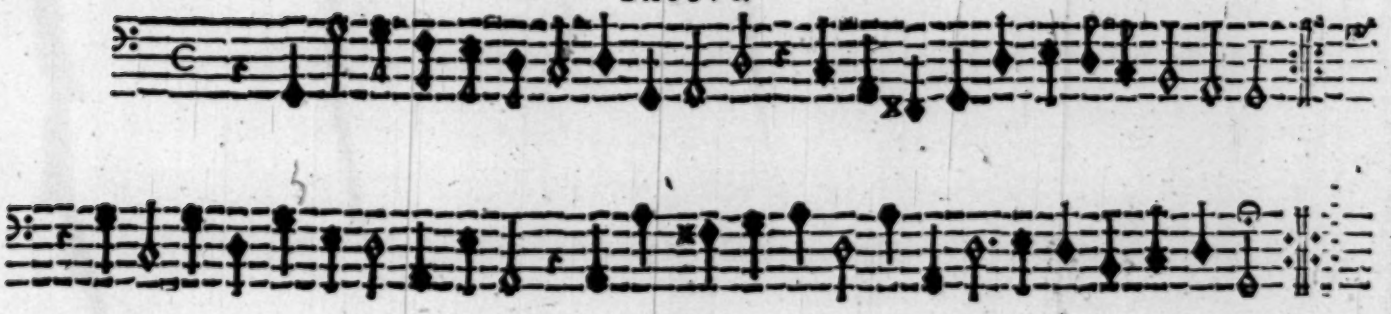
BASSVS.

2 But why accuse I women that deceiue?
Blame then the Foxes for their subtile wile:
They first from Nature did their craft receiue:
It is a womans nature to beguile.
Yet some I grant in louing stedfast grow;
But such by vse, are made, not nature so.

3 O why had Nature power at once to frame
Deceit and Beauty, traitors both to Loue?
Oh would Deceit had dyed when Beauty came
With her diuinenesse en'ry heart to moue!
Yet doe we rather wish what ere befall,
To haue fayre women false, then none at all.

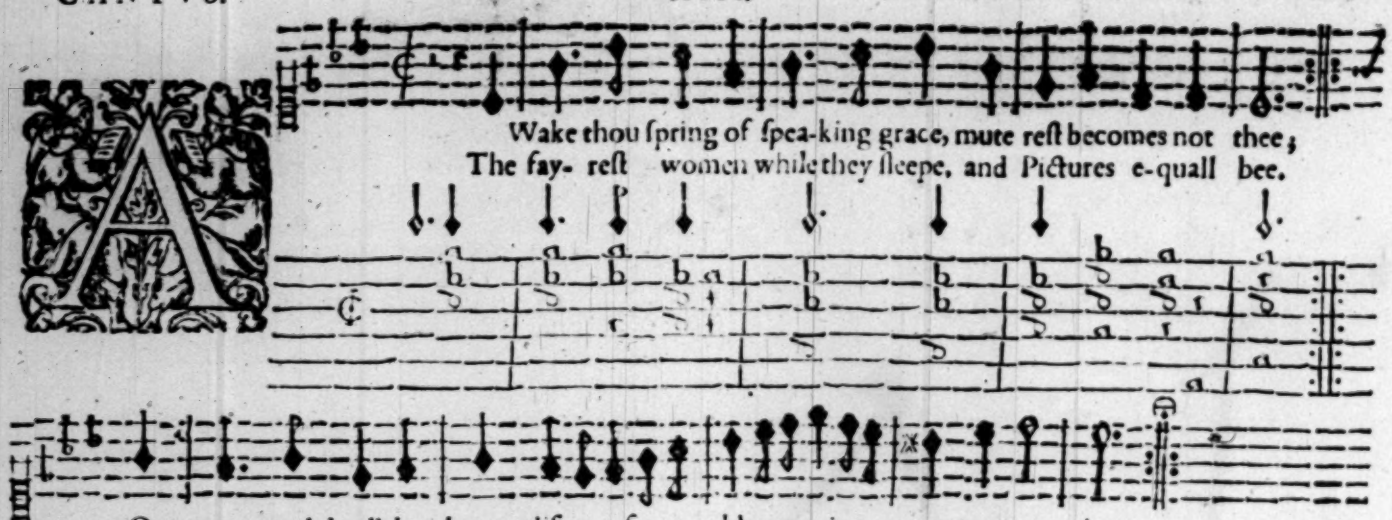


BASSVS.

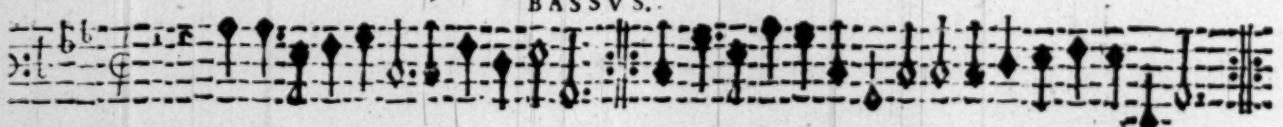


2 This time doth well dispence
With louers long discourse;
Much speech hath some defence,
Though beauty no remorse.
All doe not all things well;
Some measures comely tread;
Some knotted Ridles tell;
Some Poems smoothly read.
The Summer hath his ioyes,
And Winter his delights;
Though Loue and all his pleasures are but toyes,
They shorten tedious nights.

CANTVS.



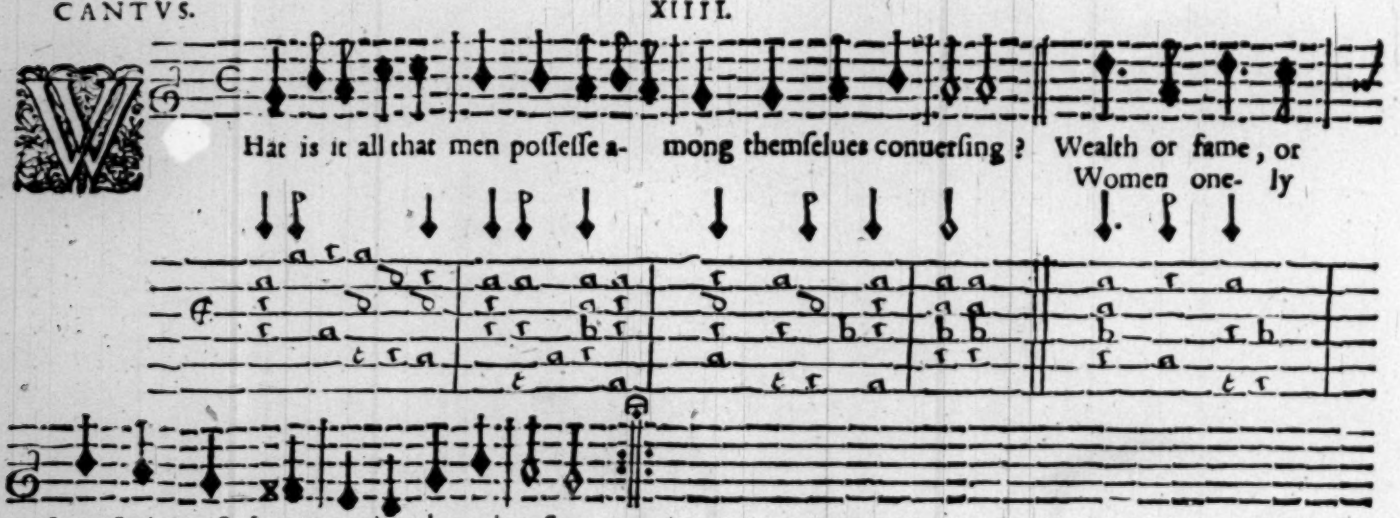
BASSVS.



2 Thy voyce is as an Eccho cleare, which Muſicke doth beget;
Thy ſpeech is as an Oracle, which none can counterfeit:
For thou alone without offences,
Haſt obtain'd power of enchanting:
And I could heare thee without ending,
Other comfort neuer wanting.

3 Some little reaſon brutiſh liues with humane glory ſhare,
But language is our proper grace from which they ſeuer'd are.
As brutes in reaſon man ſurpaſſe,
Men in ſpeech excell each other:
If ſpeech be then the beſt of graces,
Doe it not in ſlumber ſmother.

CANTVS. XIIII.



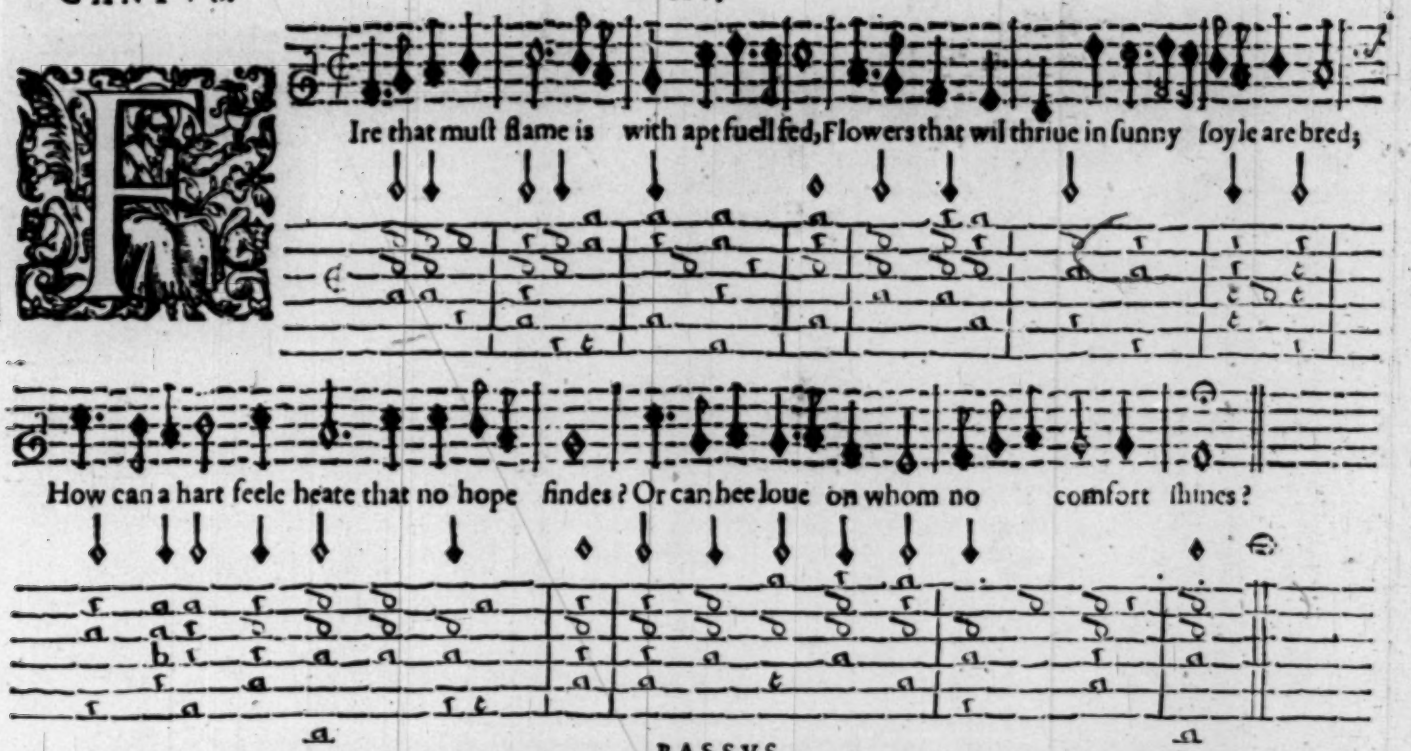
BASSVS.

2 If weary, they prepare vs reſt; if ſicke, their hand attends vs.
When with griefe our hearts are preſt, their comfort beſt befriends vs:
Sweet or ſowre they willing goe to ſhare what fortune ſends vs.

3 What pretty babes with paine they beare, our name & form preſenting?
What we get, how wiſe they keepe, by ſparing, wants preuenting;
Sorting all their houſhold cares to our obſeru'd contenting.

4 All this of whoſe large vſe I ſing, in two words is expreſſed;
Good wife is the good I praiſe, if by good men poſſeſſed.
Bad with bad in ill fate well, but good with good liue bleſſed.

CANTVS. XV.



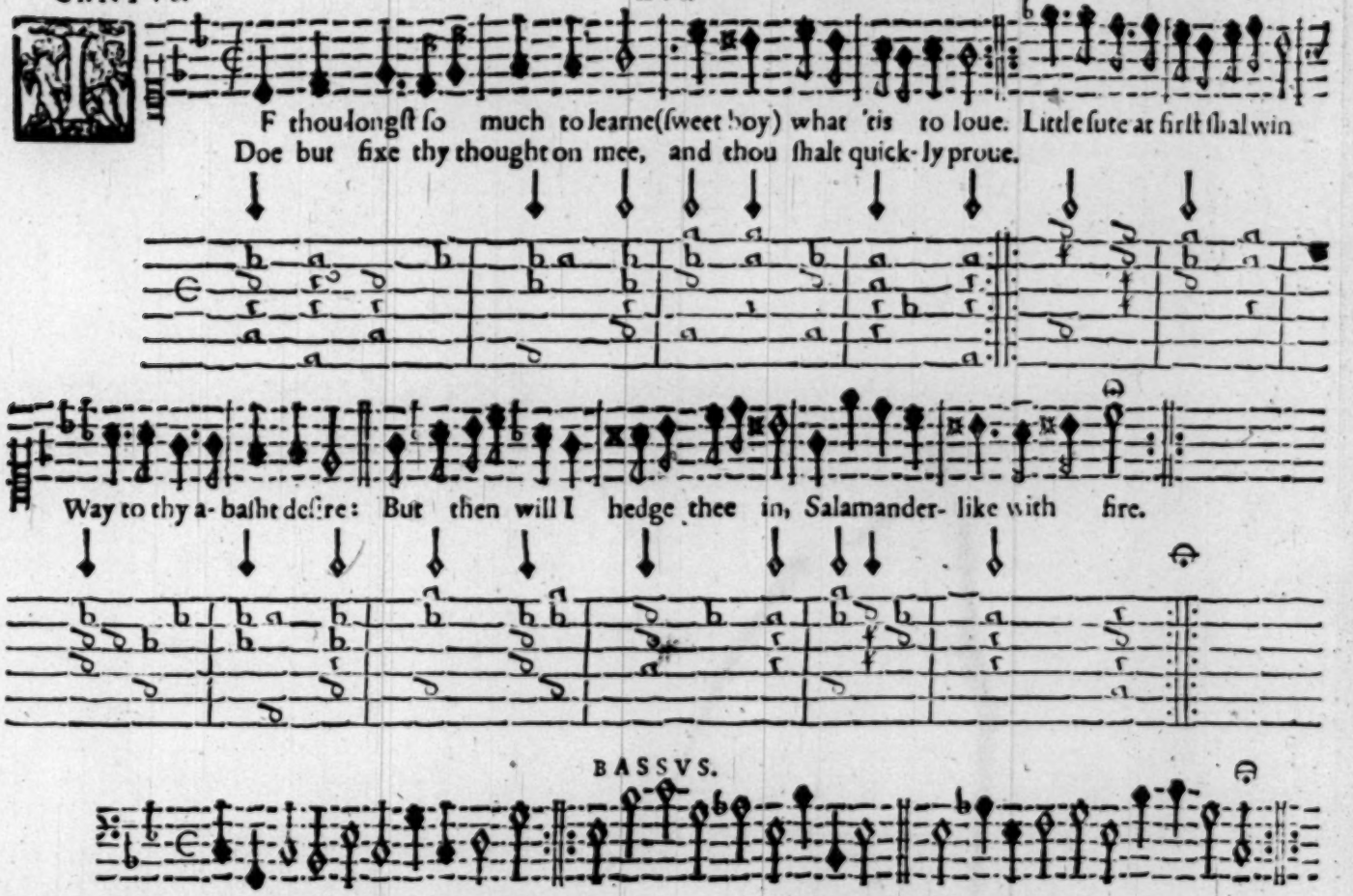
BASSVS.

2 Fayre, I confeſſe there's pleaſure in your ſight:
Sweet, you haue powre I grant of all delight.
But what is all to mee if I haue none?
Charle that you are t'inioy ſuch wealth alone.

2 Prayers moue the heau'ns, but finde no grace with you;
Yet in your lookes a heauenly forme I view:
Then will I pray againe, hoping to finde
As well as in your lookes, heau'n in your minde.

4 Saint of my heart, Queene of my life, and loue,
O let my vowes thy 'ouing ſpirit moue:
Let me no longer mourne through thy diſdaine,
But with one touch of grace cure all my pain.

CANTVS. XVI.

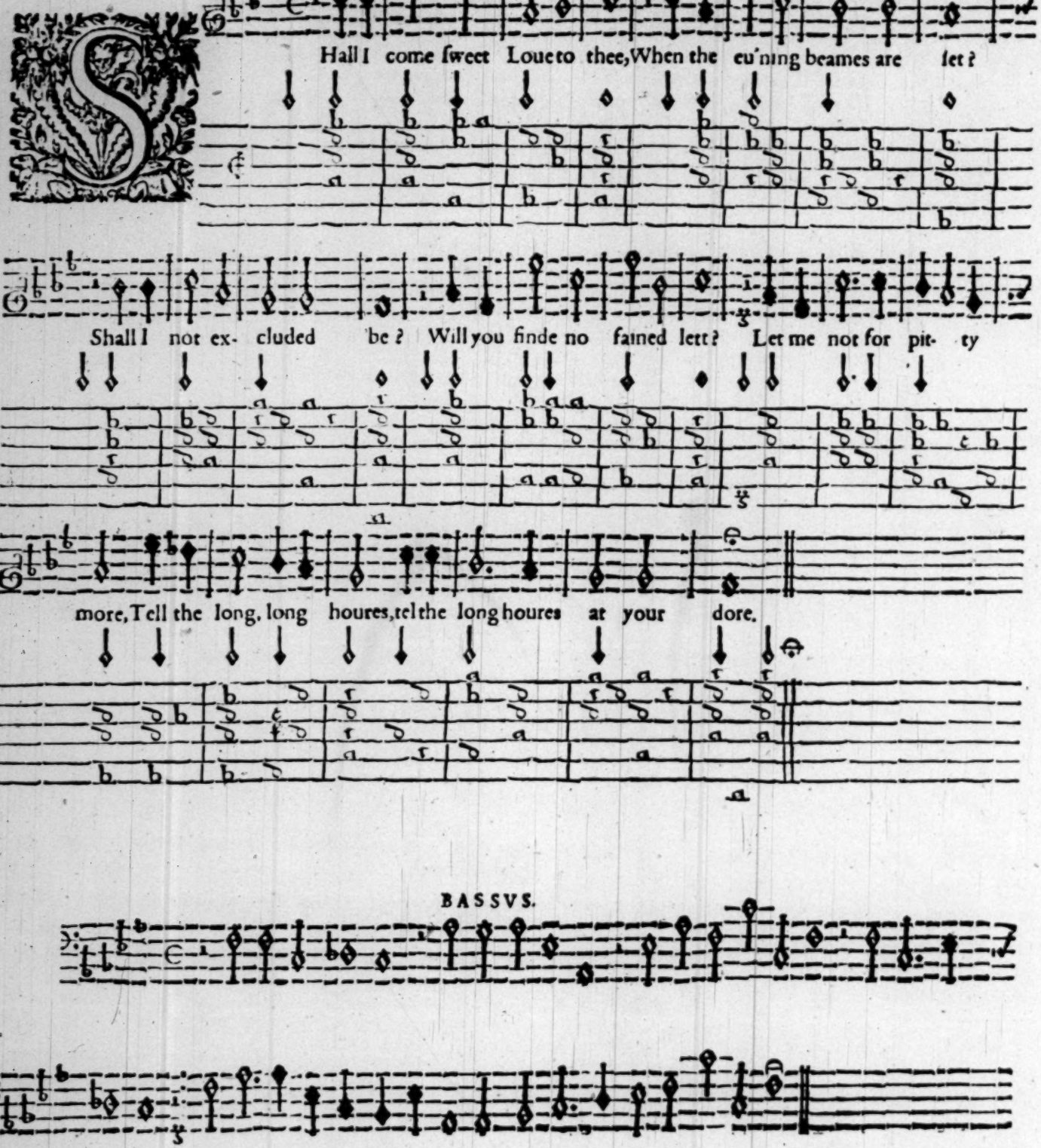


BASSVS.

2 With thee dance I will, and ſing, and thy fond dalliance beare;
Wee the grouy hils will climbe, and play the wantons there.
Other whiles wee'le gather flowres,
Lying dalying on the graſſe,
And thus our delightfull howres
Full of waking dreames ſhall paſſe.

3 When thy ioyes were thus at height my loue ſhould turne from thee,
Old acquaintance then ſhould grow as ſtrange as ſtrange might be,
Twenty riuals thou ſhoula'ſt finde
Breaking all their hearts for mee,
When to all Ile proue more kinde,
And more forward then to thee.

4 That thy ſilly youth enrag'd would ſoone my loue deſie;
But alas poore ſoule too late, clipt wings can neuer flye:
Thoſe ſweet houres which wee had paſt
Cal'd to minde thy heart would burne;
And could'ſt thou flye ne'er ſo faſt,
They would make thee ſtraight returne.



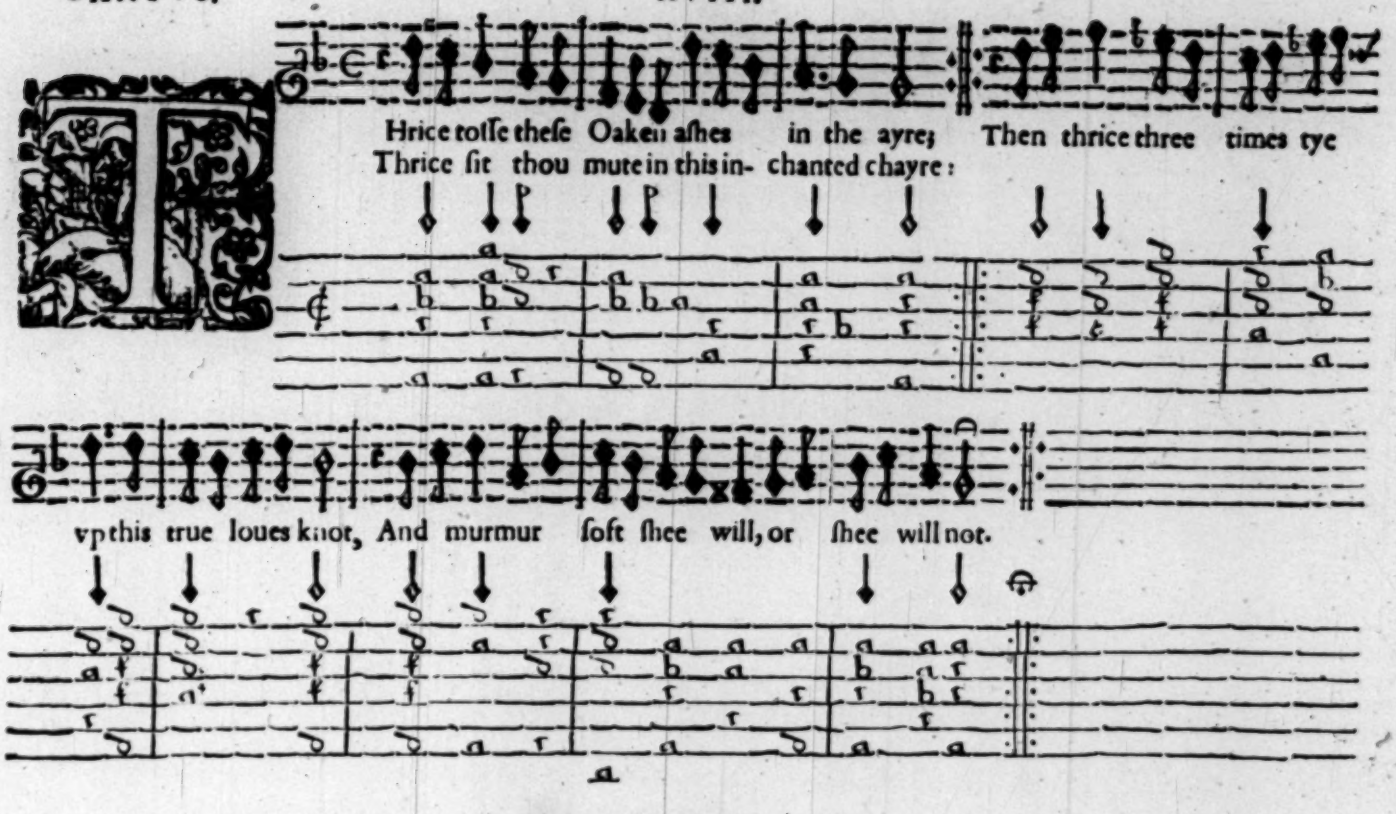
BASSVS.

1 Who can tell what theeſe or foe,
In the couert of the night,
For his prey will worke my woe;
Or through wicked foule deſpight:
So may I dye vnredreſt,
Ere my long loue be poſſeſt.

3 But to let ſuch dangers paſſe,
Which a louers thoughts diſdaine:
'Tis enough in ſuch a place
To attend loues ioyes in vaine.
Doe not mocke me in thy bed,
While theſe cold nights freeze me dead.

CANTVS. XVIII.

THrice toſſe theſe Oaken aſhes in the ayre; Then thrice three times tye
Thrice ſit thou mute in this in- chanted chayre:



vp this true loues knot, And murmur ſoft ſhee will, or ſhee will not.

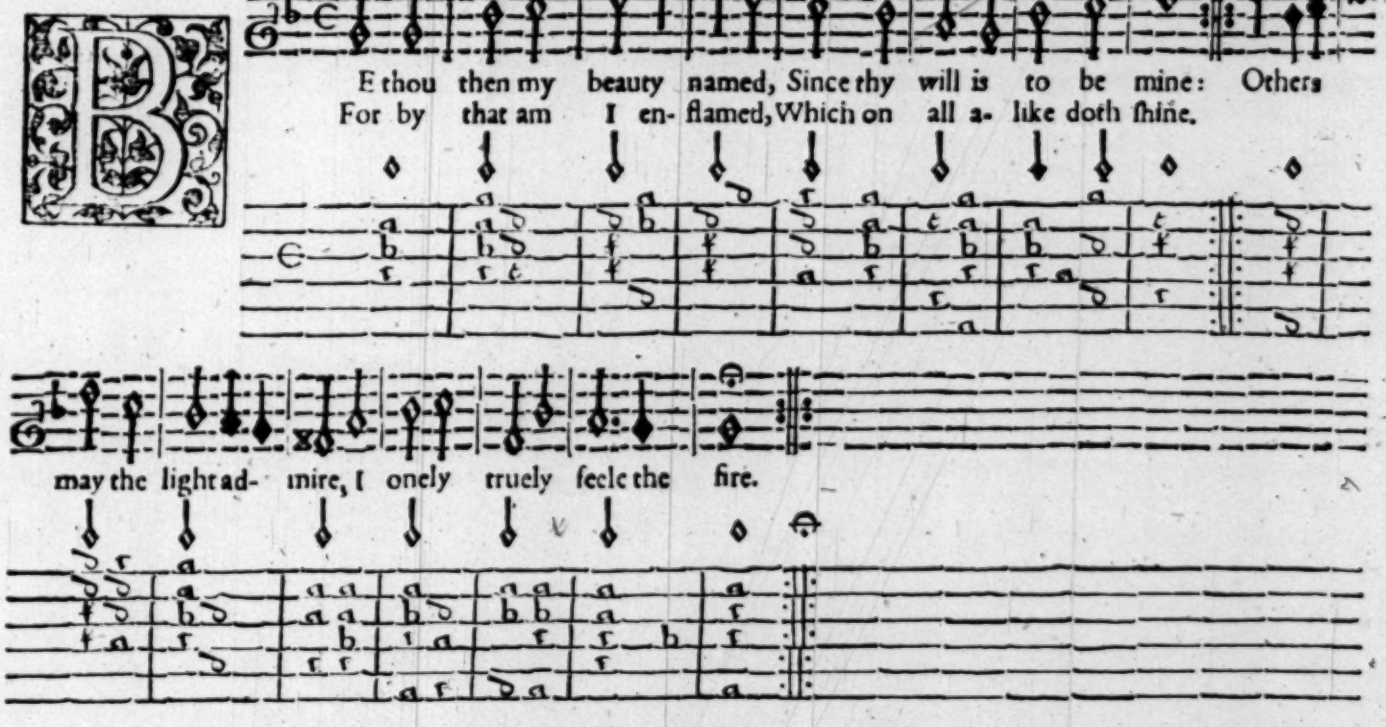
BASSVS.

2 Goe burne theſe poys'nous weedes in yon blew fire,
Theſe Screech-owles feathers, and this prickling bryer,
This Cypreſſe gathered at a dead mans graue;
That all thy feares and cares an end may haue.

3 Then come you Fayries, dance with me a round,
Melt her hard hart with your melodious ſound:
In vaine are all the charmes I can deuiſe,
She hath an Arte to breake them with her eyes.

CANTVS. XIX.

BE thou then my beauty named, Since thy will is to be mine: Others
For by that am I en- flamed, Which on all a- like doth ſhine.



may the light ad- mire, I onely truely feele the fire.

BASSVS.

2 But if lofty titles moue thee,
Challenge then a Sou'raignes place:
Say I honour when I loue thee,
Let me call thy kindneſſe grace.
State and Loue things diuers bee,
Yet will we teach them to agree.

3 Or if this be not ſufficing;
Be thou ſtil'd my Goddeſſe then:
I will loue thee ſacrificing,
In thine honour Hymnes Ile pen.
To be thine, what canſt thou more?
Ile loue thee, ſerue thee, and adore.

Ire, fire, fire, fire, loe here I burne, I burne in ſuch deſire, That all

the teares that I can ſtraine out of mine idle empty braine, Cannot al- lay my ſcorching paine.

Come *Trent* and *Humber*, and fayre *Thames*, Dread Ocean haſte with all thy ſtreames: And

if you can- not quench my fire, O drowne bo[illegible] drowne both me, and my de- ſire.

BASSVS.

2 Fire, fire, fire, fire.
There is no hell to my deſire:
See all the Riuers backward flye,
And th' Ocean doth his waues deny,
For feare my heate ſhou'd drinke them dry.
Come heau'nly ſhowres then powring downe;
Come you that once the world did drowne:
Some then you ſpar'd, but now ſue all,
That elſe muſt burne, and with mee fall.

O Sweet delight, O more then humane bliſſe, With her to liue that

euer louing is: To heare her ſpeake whoſe words ſo well are plac't, That ſhe by them, as they in

her are grac't: Thoſe lookes to view that feaſt the viewers eye. How bleſt is he that

may ſo liue and dye?

BASSVS.

2 Such loue as this the golden times did know,
When all did reape, yet none tooke care to ſow:
Such loue as this an endleſſe Summer makes,
And all diſtaſte from fraile affection takes.
So lou'd, ſo bleſt, in my belou'd am I,
Which till their eyes ake let yron men enuy.

THus I reſolue and time hath taught me ſo, Since ſhe is

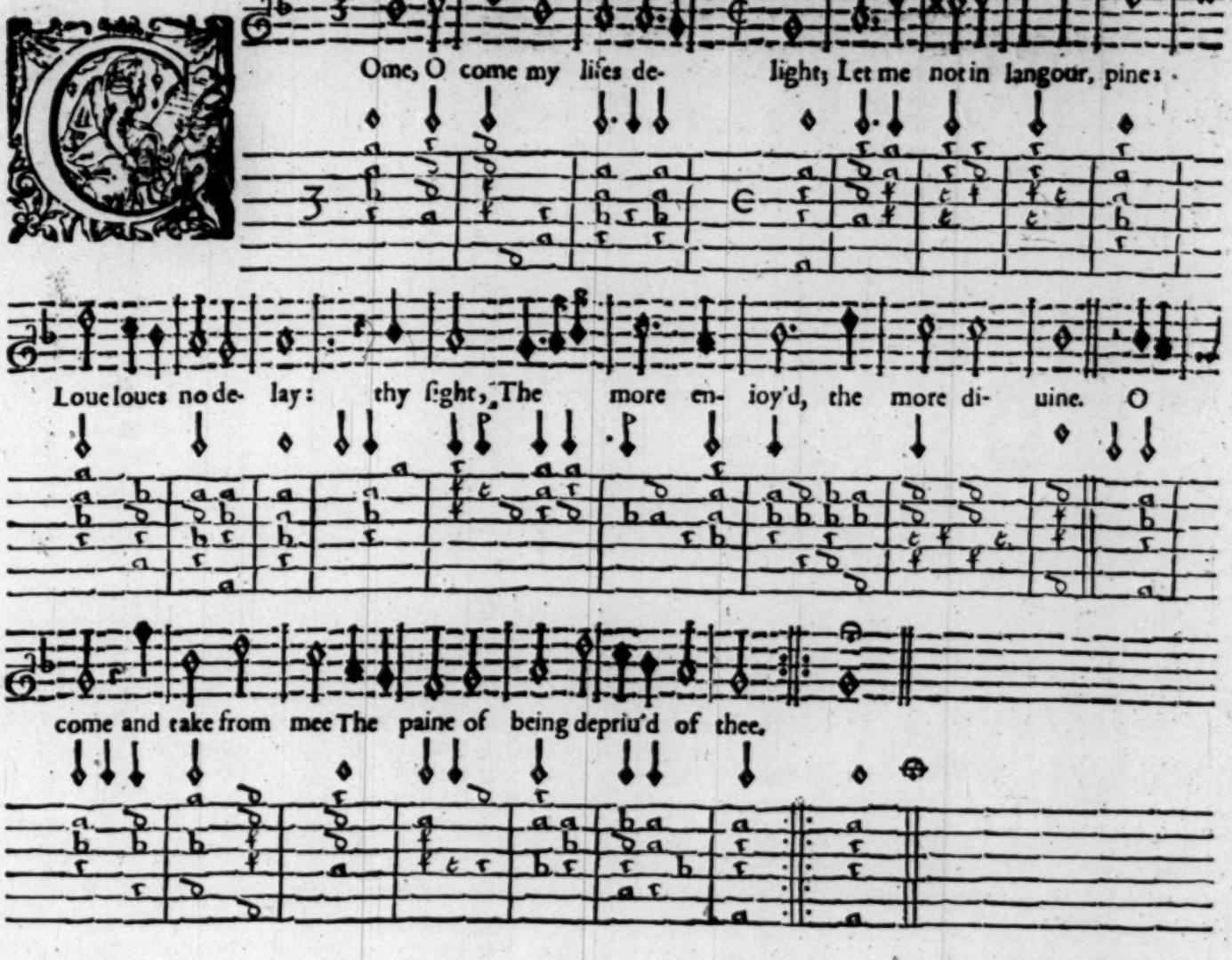
fayre and e- uer kinde to me, Though ſhe be wilde and wanton-like in ſhew, Thoſe little

ſtaines in youth I will not ſee: That ſhe be conſtant heau'n I oft im- plore; If

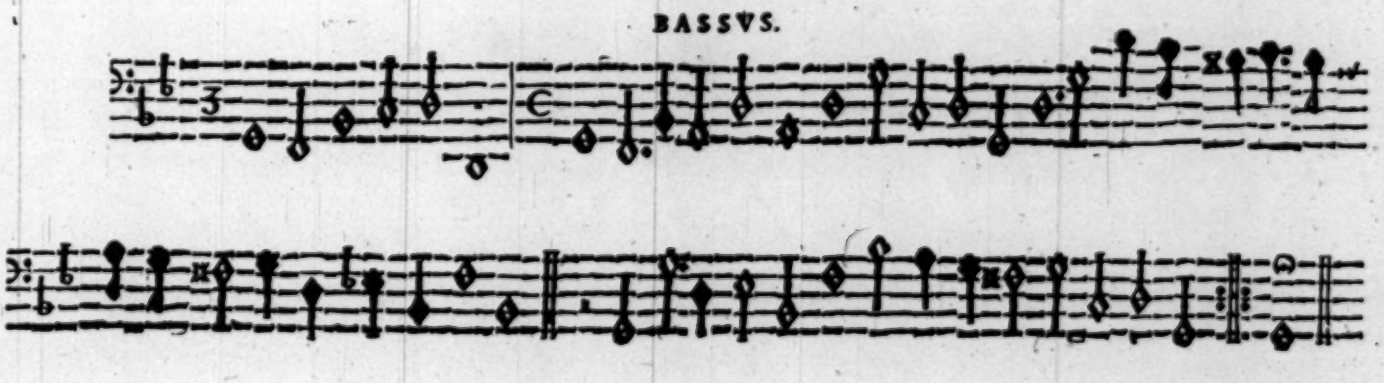
pray'rs preuaile not, I can doe no more.

BASSVS.

a Palme tree the more you preſſe, the more it growes,
Leaue it alone it will not much exceede:
Free beauty if you ſtriue to yoke, you loſe,
And for affection ſtrange diſtaſte you breede.
What Nature hath not taught no Arte can frame;
Wilde borne be wilde ſtill, though by force made tame.



BASSVS.



2 Thou all ſweetneſſe doſt encloſe,
Like a little world of bliſſe:
Beauty guards thy lookes, the Roſe
In them pure and eternall is.
Come then and make thy flight
As ſwift to me as heau'nly light.

CANTVS. XXIIII.

COuld my heart more tongues im- ploy, Then it har- bors thoughts of griefe;
It is now so farre from ioy, That it ſcarce could aske re- liefe.

Trueſt hearts by deedes vn- kinde, To deſpayre are moſt en- clin'd.

BASSVS.

2 Happy minds that can redeeme
Their engagements how they pleaſe;
That no ioyes, or hopes eſteeme
Halfe ſo pretious as their eaſe.
Wiſedome ſhould prepare men ſo
As if they did all foreknow.

3 Yet no Arte or Caution can
Growne affections eaſily change;
Vſe is ſuch a Lord of Man,
That he brookes worſt what is ſtrange.
Better neuer to be bleſt,
Then to looſe all at the beſt.

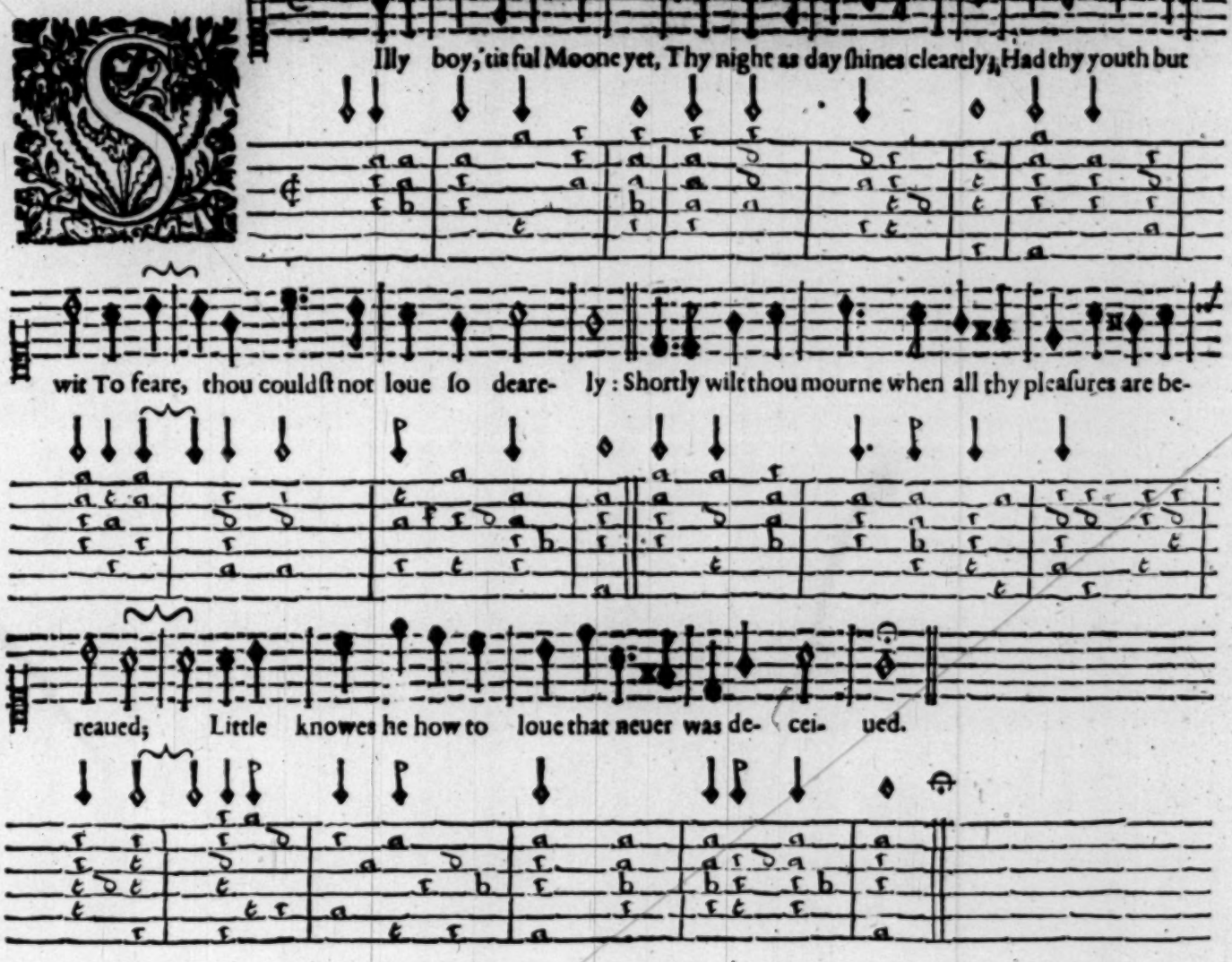
CANTVS. XXV.

SLeepe angry beauty, ſleep, and feare not me; For who a ſleeping Ly- on dares prouoke?
It ſhall ſuf- fice me here to ſit and ſee Thoſe lips ſhut vp that neuer kindely ſpoke.

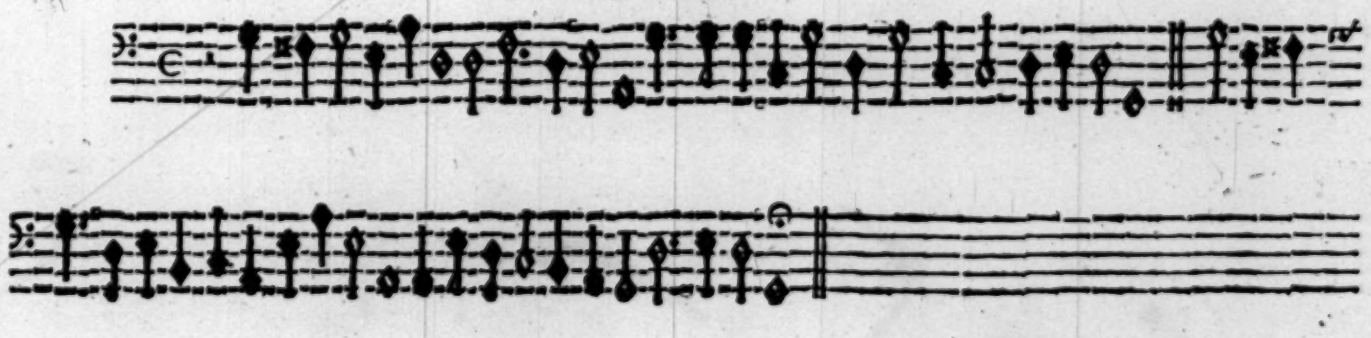
What ſight can more con- tent a louers minde, Then beauty ſeeming harmleſſe if not kinde?

BASSVS.

2 My words haue charm'd her, for ſecure ſhee ſleepes,
Though guilty much of wrong done to my loue;
And in her ſlumber ſee ſhee cloſe-ey'd weepes,
Dreames often more then waking paſſions moue.
Pleade ſleepe my cauſe, and make her ſoft like thee,
That ſhee in peace may wake and pitty mee.



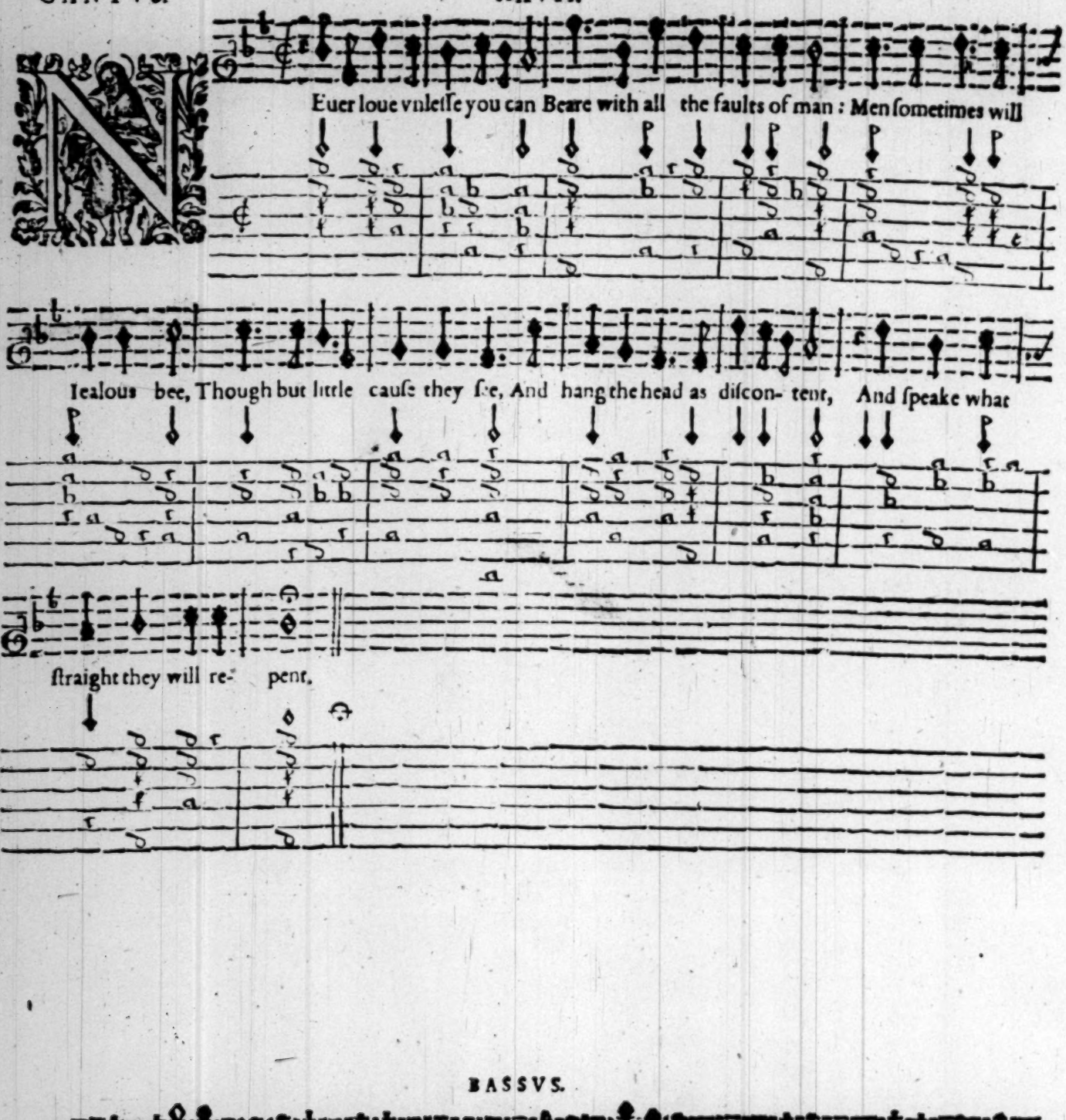
BASSVS.



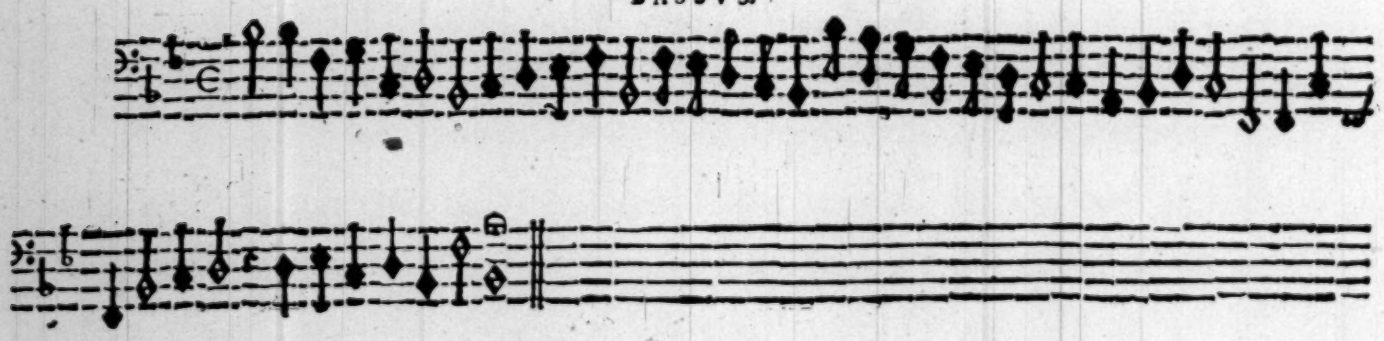
2 This is thy firſt mayden flame that triumphes yet vnſtayned;
All is artleſſe now you ſpeake, not one word yet is fayned;
All is beau'n that you behold, and all your thoughts are bleſſed:
But no Spring can want his Fall, each *Troylus* hath his *Creſſeid*.

3 Thy well-order'd lockes ere long ſhall rudely hang neglected;
And thy liuely pleaſant cheare, reade griefe on earth deiected:
Much then wilt thou blame thy Saint that made thy heart ſo holy,
And with ſighes confeſſe, in loue, that too much faith is folly.

4 Yet be iuſt and conſtant ſtill, Loue may beget a wonder;
Not vnlike a Summers froſt, or Winters fatall thunder:
Hee that holds his Sweet-hart true vnto his day of dying,
Liues of all that euer breath'd moſt worthy the enuying.



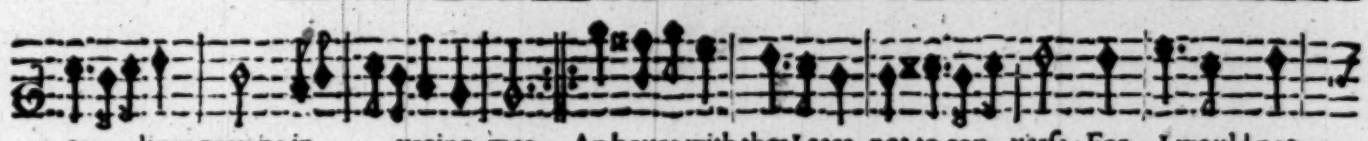
BASSVS.



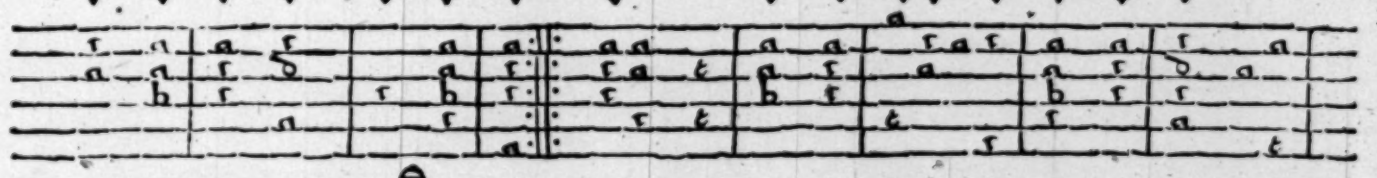
2 Men that but one Saint adore,
Make a ſhew of loue to more:
Beauty muſt be ſcorn'd in none,
Though but truely ſeru'd in one;
For what is courtſhip but diſguiſe?
True hearts may haue diſſembling eyes.

3 Men when their affaires require,
Muſt a while themſelues retire;
Sometimes hunt, and ſometimes hawke,
And not euer ſit and talke.
If theſe and ſuch like you can beare,
Then like, and loue, and neuer feare.

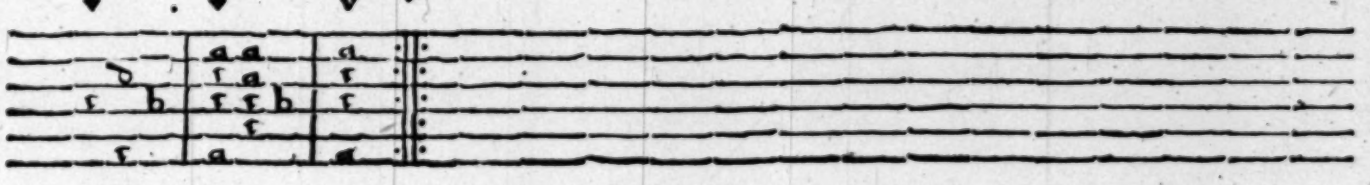
O quicke, ſo hot, ſo mad is thy fond ſute; So rude, ſo
That faine I would with loſſe make thy tongue mute, And yeeld ſome



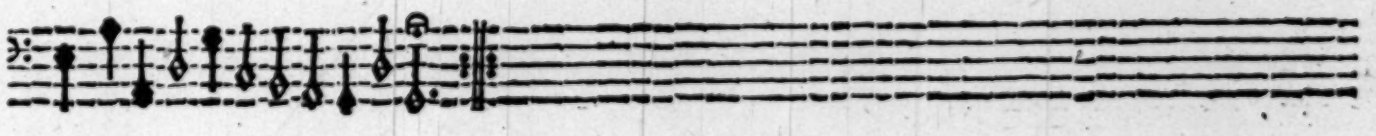
te- dious growne in vrging mee. An houre with thee I care not to con- verſe: For I would not
lit- tle grace to quiet thee.



be coun- ted too peruerſe.



BASSVS.



2 But roofes too hot would proue for men all fite,
And hils too high for my vnuſed pace;
The grouе is charg'd with thornes and the bold bryer;
Gray Snakes the meadowes ſhrowde in euery place:
A yellow Frog alas will fright me ſo
As I ſhould ſtart and tremble as I goe.

3 Since then I can on earth no fit roome finde,
In heauen I am reſolu'd with you to meete;
Till then for Hopes ſweet ſake reſt your tir'd minde,
And not ſo much as ſee mee in the ſtreete:
A heauenly meeting one day wee ſhall haue,
But neuer, as you dreame, in bed, or graue.

Hall I then hope when faith is fled? Can I seeke loue when

hope is gone? Or can I liue when Loue is dead? Poorely hee liues that

can loue none. Her vowes are broke, and I am free, Shee lost her faith in loo- sing mee.

BASSVS.

2 When I compare mine owne cueats,
When I weigh others like annoy;
All doe but heape vp discontents,
That on a beauty build their ioy.
Thus I ot all complaine, since shee
All faith hath lost in loosing mee.

3 So my deare freedome haue I gain'd,
Through her vnkindnesse, and disgrace,
Yet could I euer liue enchain'd,
As shee my seruice did embrace.
But shee is chang'd, and I am free,
Faith failing her, Loue dyed in mee.

TO MY VVORTHY FRIEND,

Mr. IOHN MOVNSON, Sonne and Heyre to *Sir Thomas Mounſon Knight and Baronet.*

ON you th'affections of your Fathers Friends,
With his Inheritance by right deſcends;
But you your gracefull youth ſo wiſely guide,
That his you hold, and purchaſe much beſide.
Loue is the fruit of Vertue, for whoſe ſake
Men onely liking each to other take.
If ſparkes of vertue ſhin'd not in you then,
So well how could you winne the hearts of men?
And ſince that honour and well-ſuted Prayſe
Is Vertues Golden Spurre; let mee now rayſe
Vnto an act mature your tender age,
This halfe commending to your Patronage:
Which from your Noble Fathers, but one ſide
Ordain'd to doe you honour, doth diuide.
And ſo my loue betwixt you both I part,
On each ſide placing you as neare my heart.

Yours euer,

THOMAS CAMPIAN.

To the READER.

THE Apothecaries haue Bookes of Gold, whoſe leaues being opened are ſo light as that they are ſubiect to be ſhaken with the leaſt breath, yet rightly handled, they ſerue both for ornament and vſe; ſuch are light Ayres. *But if any ſqueamiſh ſtomackes ſhall checke at two or three vaine Ditties in the end of this Booke, let them powre off the cleareſt, and leaue thoſe as dregs in the bottome. Howſoeuer if they be but conferred with the* Canterbury Tales *of that venerable Poet* Chaucer, *they will then appeare toothſome enough. Some words are in theſe Bookes, which haue beene cloathed in Muſicke by others, and I am content: they then ſerued their turne: yet giue mee now leaue to make vſe of mine owne. Likewiſe you may finde here ſome three or foure Songs that haue beene publiſhed before, but for them I referre you to the Players Bill that is ſtiled,* Newly reuiued with Additions, *for you ſhall finde all of them reformed eyther in Words or Notes. To be briefe, all theſe Songs are mine if you expreſſe them well, otherwiſe they are your owne. Farewell.*

Yours as you are his,

THOMAS CAMPIAN.

Eaue pro- longing, leaue pro- longing, thy diſtreſſe, All de-

layes af- flict the dying. Many loſt ſighes long I ſpent, to her for mer- cy cry-

ing: But now vaine mour-ning ceaſe, Ile dye, Ile dye, and mine owne griefes re- leaſe.

BASSVS.

a Thus departing from this light
To thoſe ſhades that end all ſorrow,
Yet a ſmall time of complaint, a little breath Ile borrow,
To tell my once delight
I dye alone through her deſpight.

CANTVS. II.

R E- ſpect my faith, re- gard my ſeruice paſt; The hope you wing'd call home to
Great priſe it is that I in you ſhall gaine: So great for you hath been my

you at laſt. My wits I ſpent and time for you a- lone; Obſeruing you and looſing all for one.
loſſe & paine.

BASSVS.

2 Some rais'd to rich eſtates in this time are,
That held their hopes to mine inferiour farre;
Such ſcoffing mee, or pittying me, ſay thus,
Had hee not lou'd he might haue liu'd like vs.
O then deare ſweet for loue and pitties ſake
My faith reward, and from me ſcandall take.

CANTVS. III.

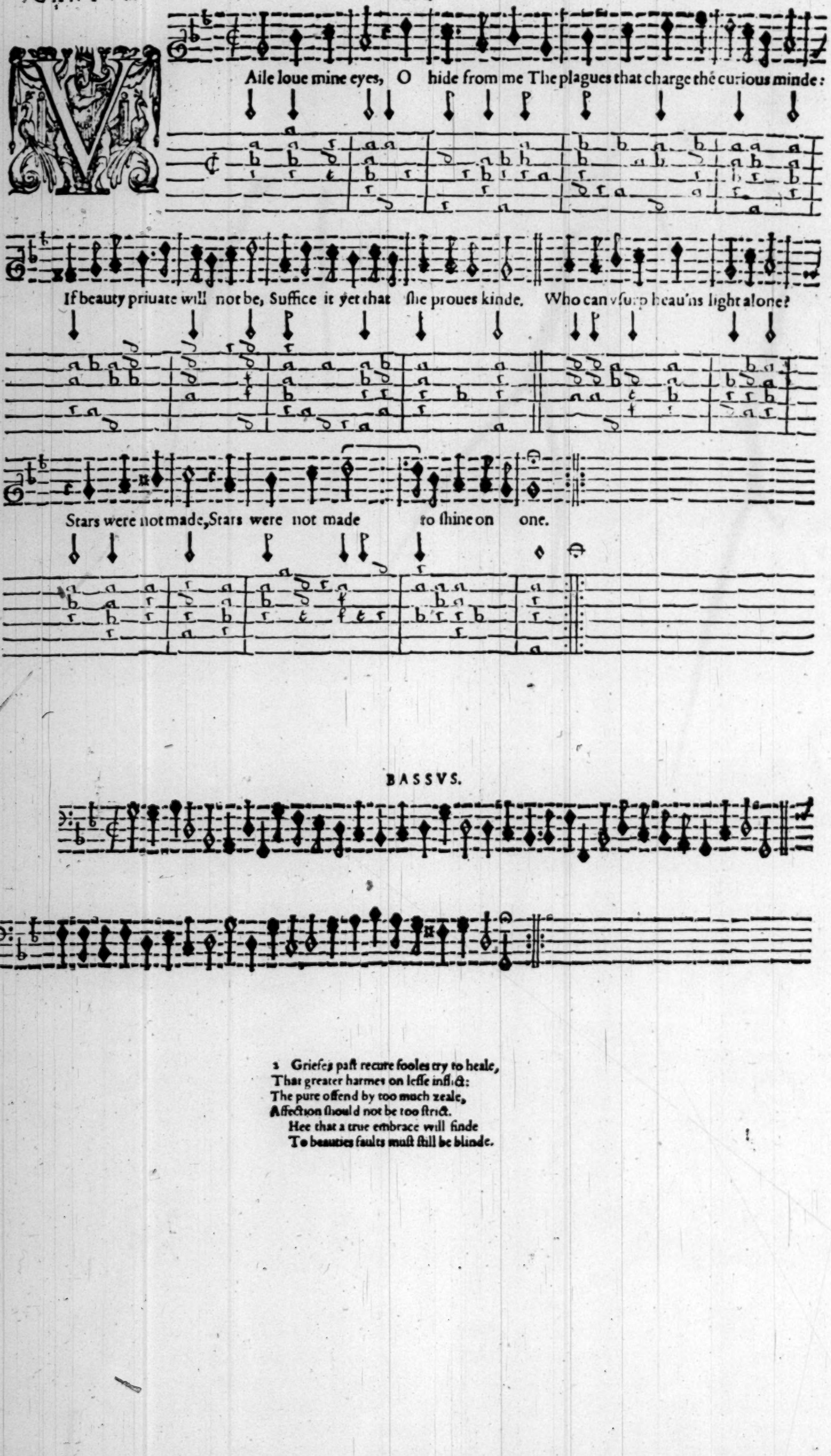
T Hou ioy'ſt fond boy to be by ma- ny lo- ued: For this doſt thou thy na- ture
To haue thy beauty of moſt dames ap- pro- ued. Thy glaſſe thou coun-cel'ſt more t'a-

worth diſguiſe, And play'ſt the Sy- co-phant t'ob- ſerue their eyes.
dorne thy skin, That firſt ſhould ſchoole thee to be fayre with- in.

BASSVS.

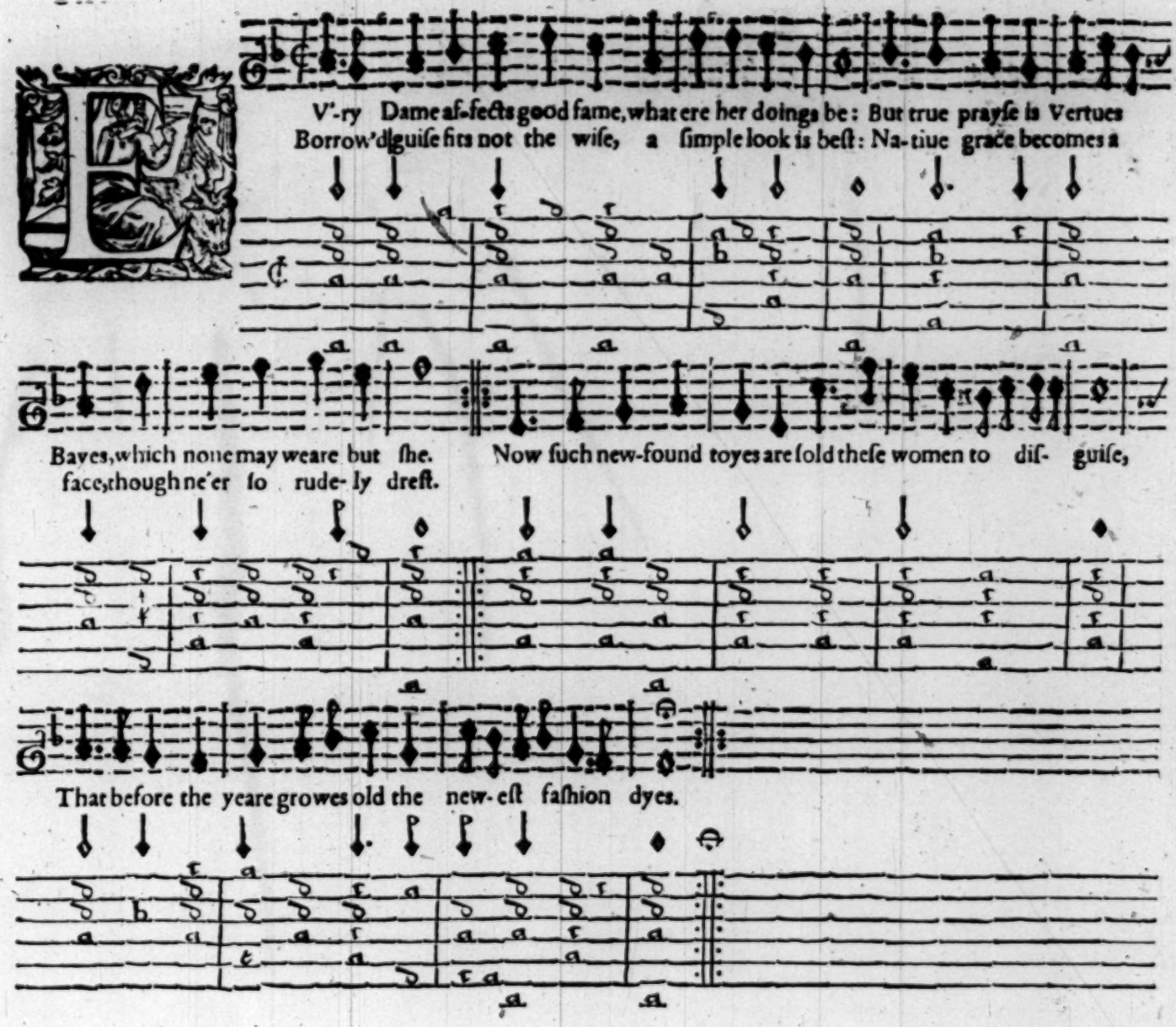
3 'Tis childiſh to be caught with Pearle, or Amber,
And woman-like too much to cloy the chamber;
Youths ſhould the Field affect, heate their rough Steedes,
Their hardned nerues to fit for better deedes.
Is't not more ioy ſtrong Holds to force with ſwords,
Then womens weakeneſſe take with lookes or words?

2 Men that doe noble things all purchaſe glory,
One man for one braue Act hath prou'd a ſtory:
But if that one tenne thouſand Dames o'creame,
Who would record it if not to his ſhame?
'Tis farre more conqueſt with one to liue true,
Then euery houre to triumph Lord of new.

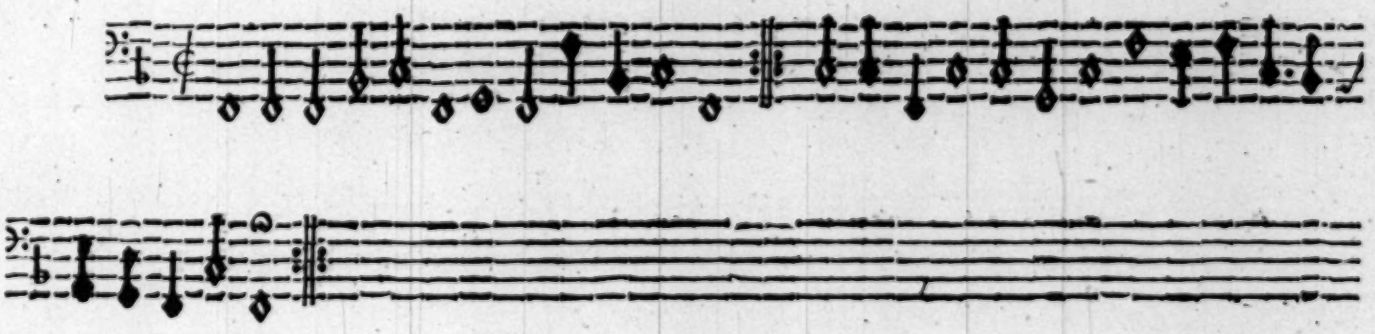


BASSVS.

2 Griefes paſt recure fooles try to heale,
That greater harmes on leſſe inflict:
The pure offend by too much zeale,
Affection ſhould not be too ſtrict.
Hee that a true embrace will finde
To beauties faults muſt ſtill be blinde.

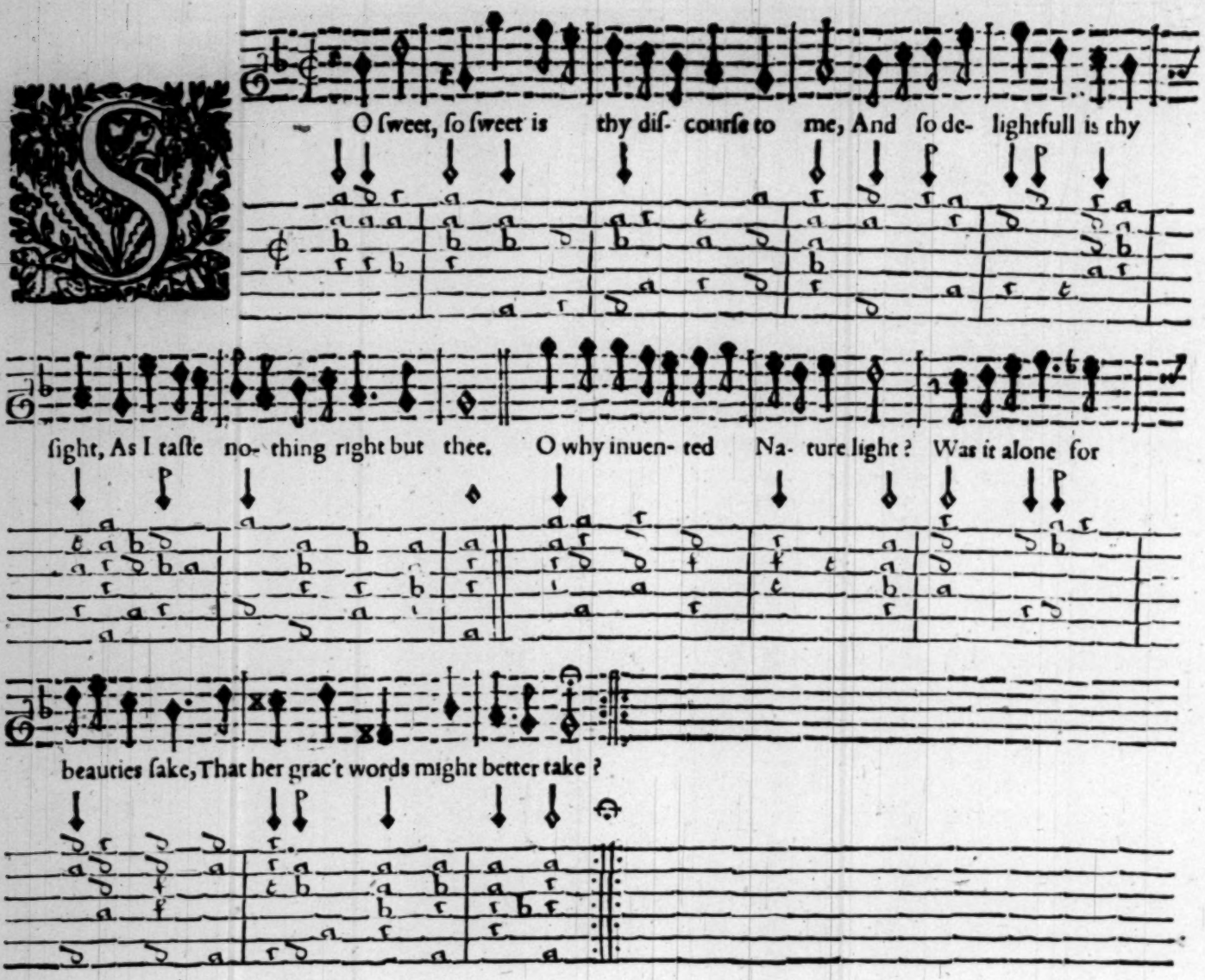


BASSVS.

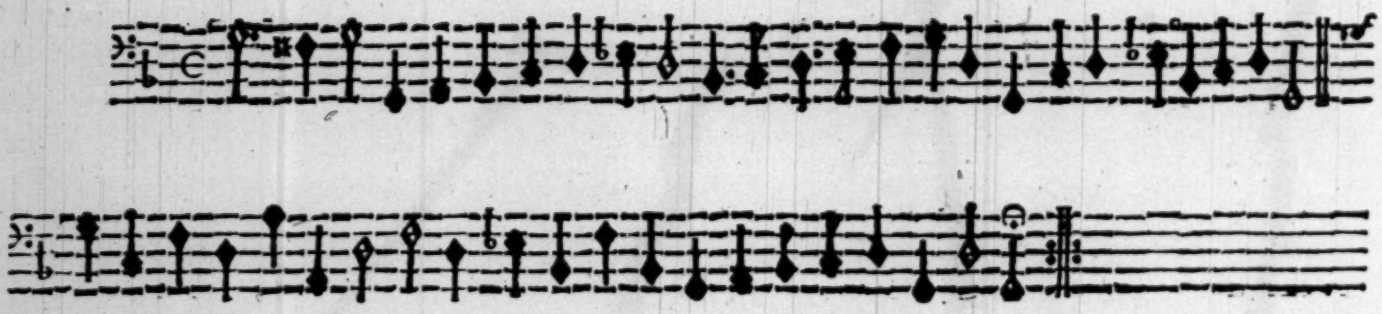


2 Dames of yore contended more in goodneſſe to exceede,
Then in pride to be enui'd for that which leaſt they neede:
Little Lawne then ſeru'd the Pawne, if Pawne at all there were;
Home-ſpun thread, and houſhold bread then held out all the yeare:
But th'attyres of women now weare out both houſe and land,
That the wiues in ſilkes may flow at ebbe the Good-men ſtand.

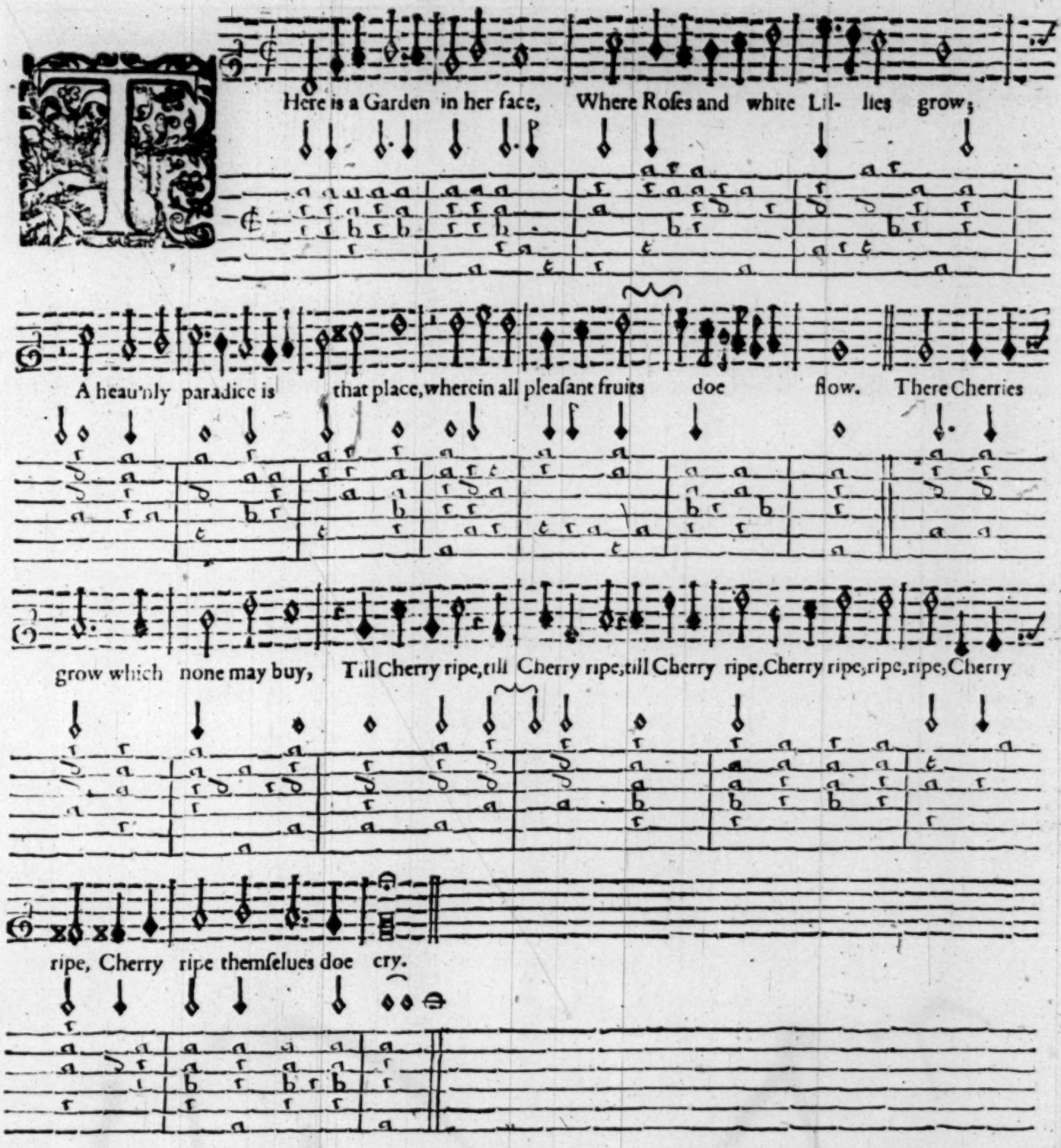
3 Once agen *Aſtrea* then from heau'n to earth deſcend,
And vouchſafe in their behalfe theſe errours to amend:
Aid from heau'n muſt make all eeu'n, things are ſo out of frame;
For let man ſtriue all he can, hee needes muſt pleaſe his Dame.
Happy man content that gines, and what hee gines enioyes;
Happy Dame content that lines, and breakes no ſleepe for toyes.



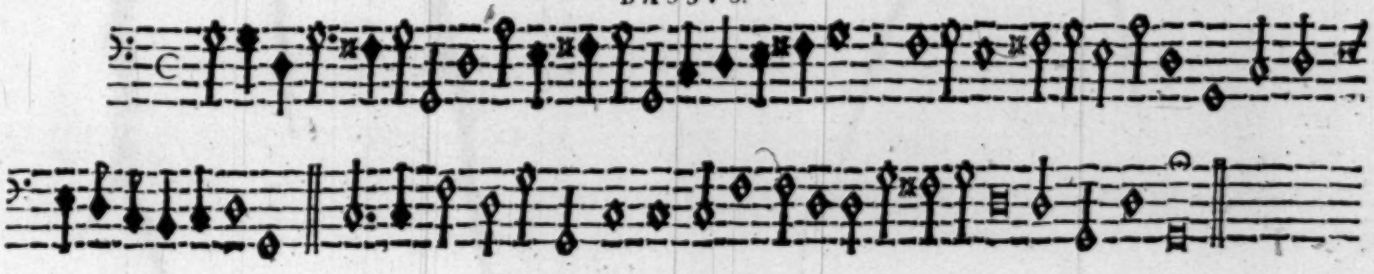
BASSVS.



2 No more can I old ioyes recall,
They now to me become vnknowne,
Not ſeeming to haue beene at all.
Alas how ſoone is this loue growne
To ſuch a ſpreading height in me,
As with it all muſt ſhadowed be?

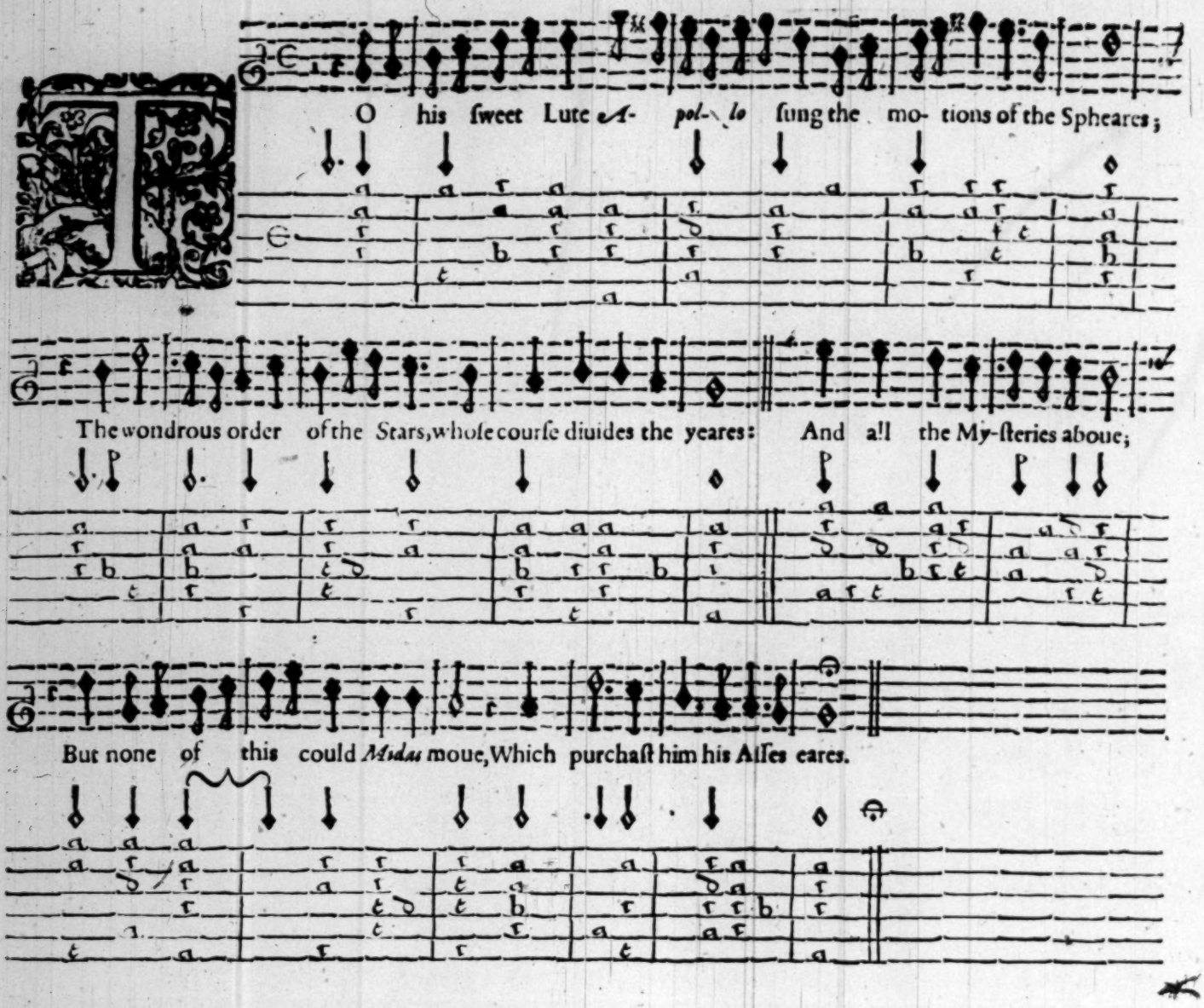


BASSVS.

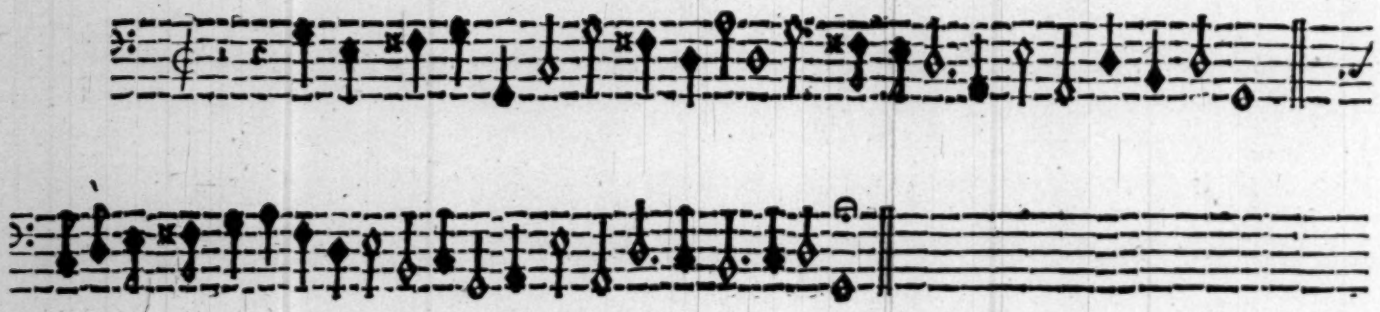


2. Thoſe Cherries fayrely doe encloſe
Of Orient Pearle a double row,
Which when her louely laughter ſhowes,
They looke like Roſe-buds fill'd with ſnow.
Yet them nor Peere, nor Prince can buy,
Till Cherry ripe themſelues doe cry.

3 Her Eyes like Angels watch them ſtill;
Her Browes like bended bowes doe ſtand,
Threatning with piercing frownes to kill
All that attempt with eye or hand
Thoſe ſacred Cherries to come nigh,
Till Cherry ripe themſelues doe cry.



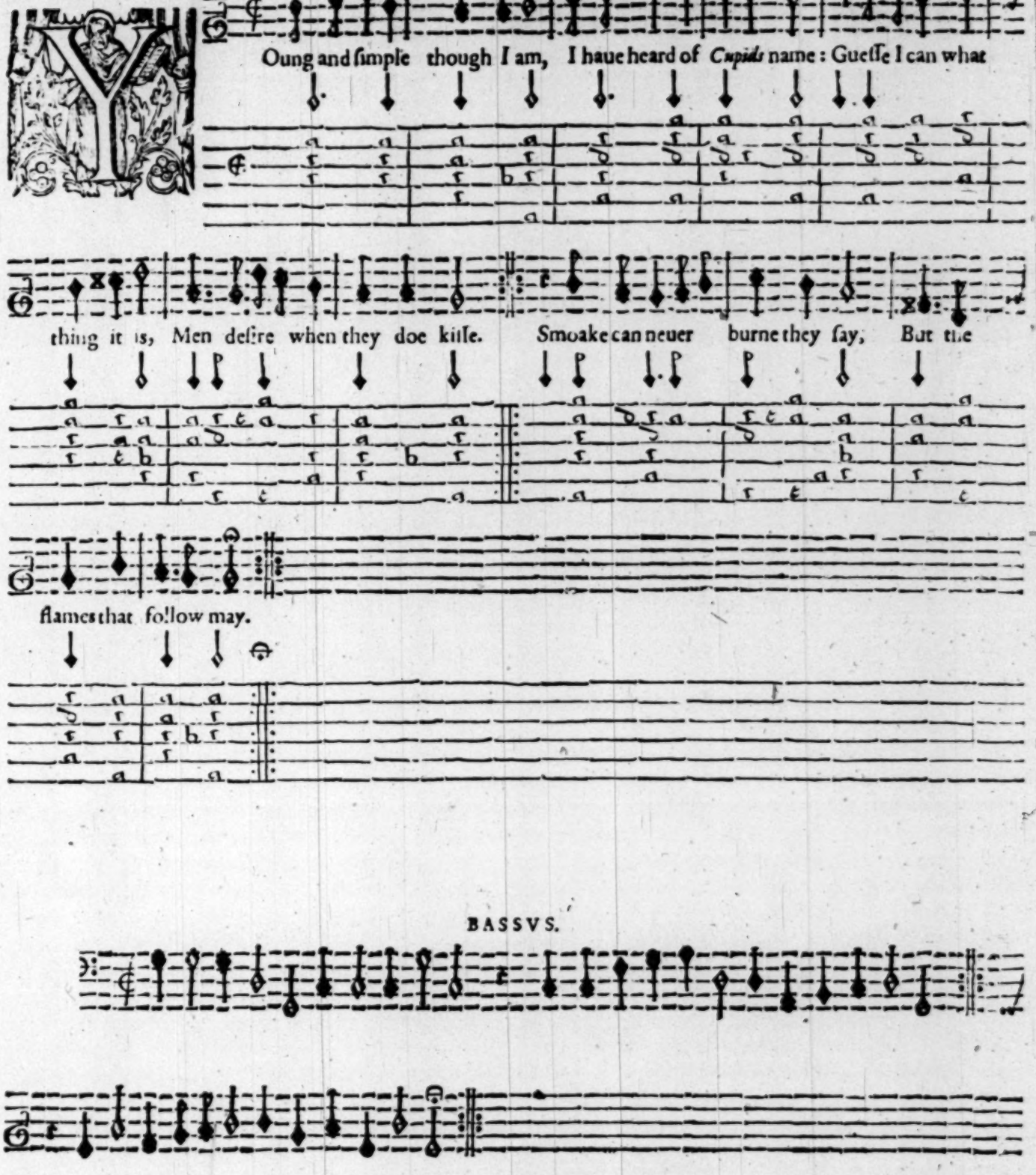
BASSVS.



2 Then *Pan* with his rude Pipe began the Country-wealth t'aduance;
To boaſt of Cattle, flockes of Sheepe, and Goates, on hils that dance,
With much more of this churliſh kinde:
That quite tranſported *Midas* minde,
And held him rapt as in a trance.

3 This wrong the *God of Muſicke* ſcorn'd from ſuch a ſottiſh Iudge,
And bent his angry bow at *Pan*, which made the Piper trudge.
Then *Midas* head he ſo did trim,
That eu'ry age yet talkes of him
And *Phœbus* right reuenged grudge.

CANTVS. IX.



BASSVS.

2 I am not ſo foule or fayre,
To be proud, nor to deſpayre;
Gueſſe I can what thing it is
Men deſire when they doe kiſſe.
Smoake can neuer burne they ſay,
But the flames that follow may.

3 Faith 'tis but a fooliſh minde,
Yet me thinkes a heate I finde,
Like thirſt longing that doth bide
Euer on my weaker ſide:
Where they ſay my heart doth moue,
Venus grant it be not loue.

4 If it be, alas, what then?
Were not women made for men?
As good 'twere a thing were paſt,
That muſt needes be done at laſt.
Roſes that are ouer-blowne
Growe leſſe ſweet, then fall alone.

5 Yet nor Churle, nor ſilken Gull
Shall my Mayden bloſſome pull:
Who ſhall not I ſoone can tell,
Who ſhall would I could as well:
This I know who ere hee be
Loue hee muſt, or flatter me.

CANTVS. X.

Oue me or not, loue her I muſt or dye. O that her grace would my wiſhe
Leaue me or not, follow her needs muſt I.

comforts giue. How rich in her, how happy ſhould I liue?

BASSVS.

2 All my deſire, all my delight ſhould be
Her to enioy, her to vnite to mee:
Enuy ſhould ceaſe, her would I loue alone,
Who loues by lookes, is ſeldome true to one.

3 Could I enchant, and that it lawfull were,
Her would I charme ſoftly that none ſhould heare:
But loue enforc'd rarely yeelds firme content,
So would I loue that neyther ſhould repent.

CANTVS. XI.

Hat meanes this folly now to braue it ſo, And then to vſe ſubmiſſion?

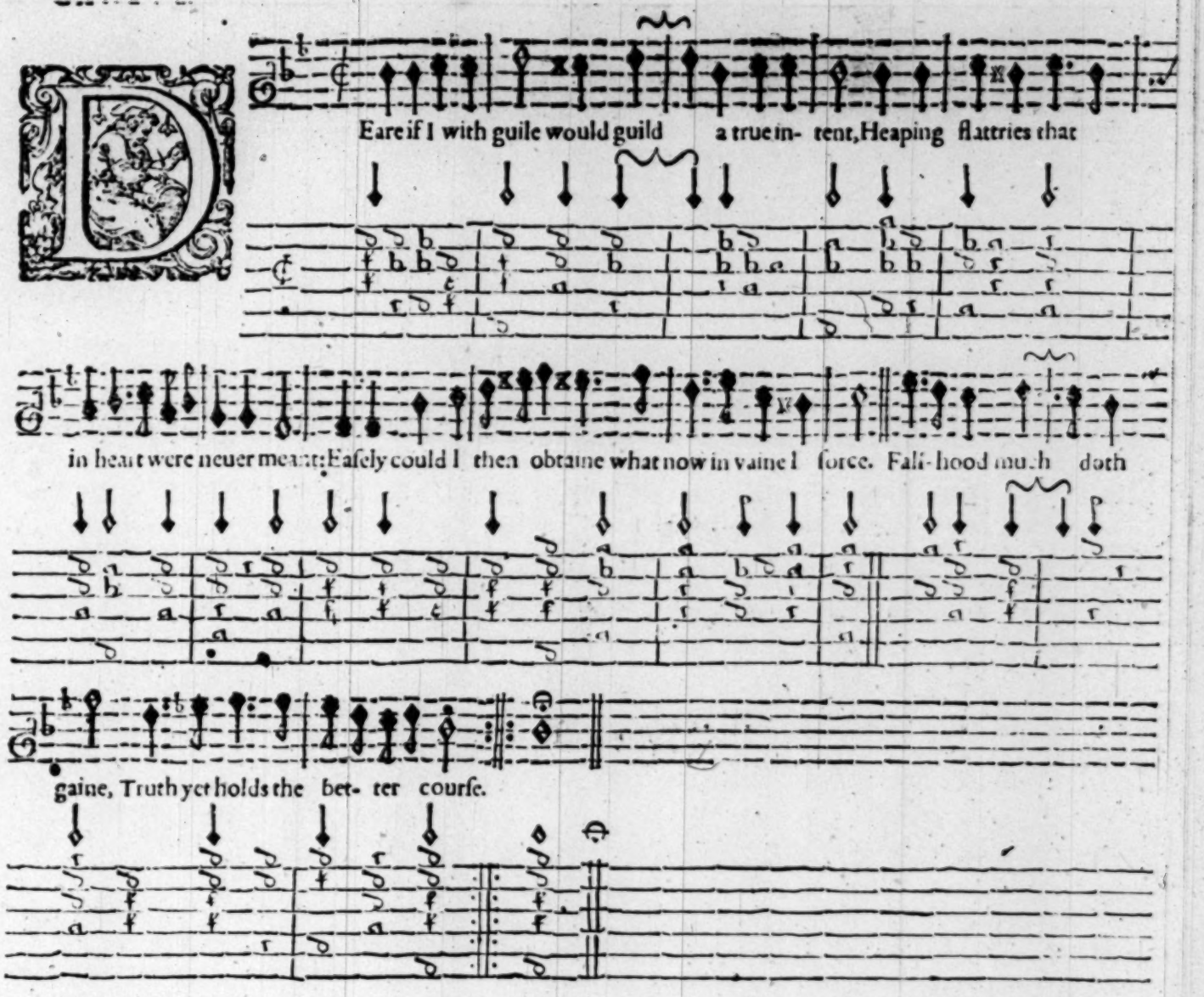
Is that a friend that ſtraight can play the foe? Who loues on ſuch conditi- on?

BASSVS.

2 Though Bryers breede Roſes, none the Bryer affect,
But with the flowre are pleaſed:
Loue onely loues delight, and ſoft reſpect,
He muſt not be diſeaſed.

3 Theſe thorny paſſions ſpring from barren breaſts,
Or ſuch as neede much weeding:
Loue onely loues delight, and ſoft reſpect,
But ſends them not home bleeding.

4 Command thy humour, ſtriue to giue content,
And ſhame not louers profeſſion:
Of kindneſſe neuer any could repent
That made choyſe with diſcretion.

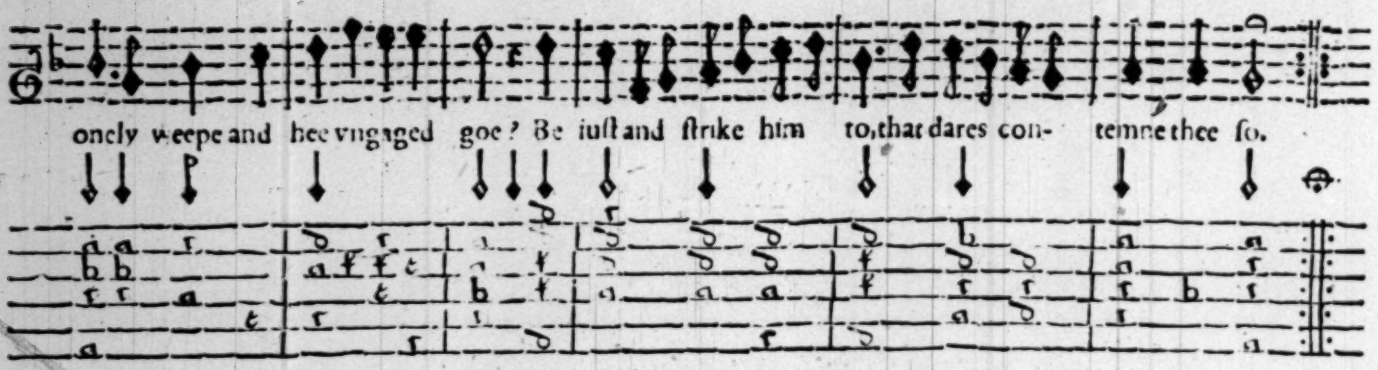


BASSVS.

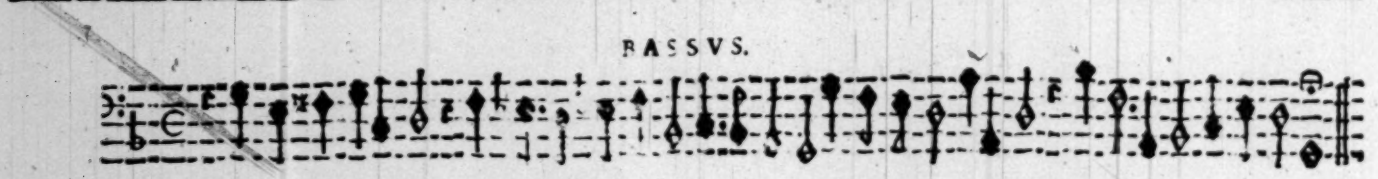
2 Loue forbid that through diſſembling I ſhould thriue,
Or in prayſing you, my ſelfe of truth deprriue:
Let not your high thoughts debaſe
A ſimple truth in me;
Great is beauties grace,
Truth is yet as fayre as thee.

3 Prayſe is but the winde of pride if it exceedes,
Wealth pris'd in it ſelfe no outward value needes.
Fayre you are, and paſſing fayre,
You know it, and 'tis true,
Yet let none deſpayre
But to finde as fayre as you.

Loue, where are thy Shafts, thy Quiuer and thy Bow? Shall my wounds



only weepe and hee vngaged goe? Be iust and strike him to, that dares con- temne thee so.



BASSVS.

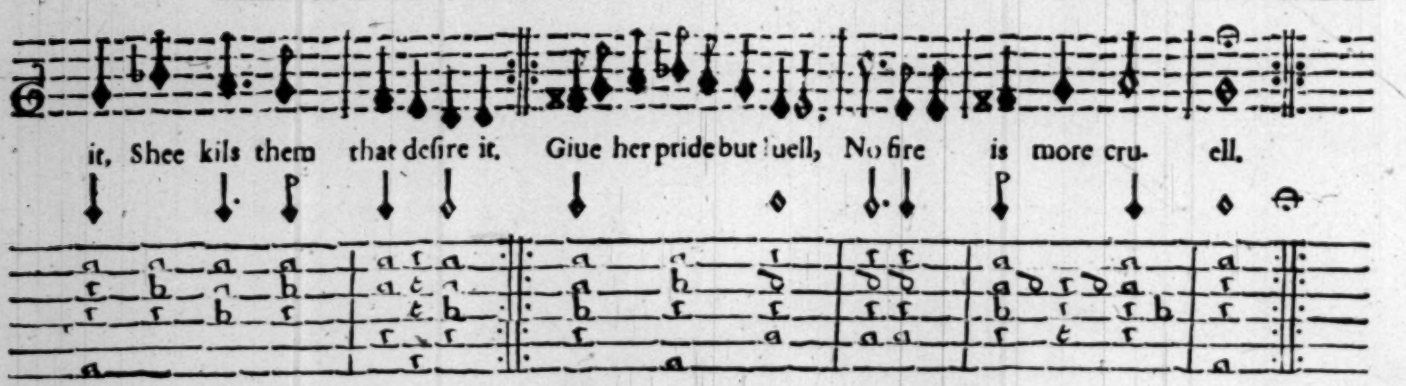
2 No eyes are like to thine, though men suppose thee blind:
So fayre they seeme when the marke they sit to finde:
Then strike, ô strike the heart that beares thee cruell minde.

2 Is my fond sight deceiued? or doe I *Cupid* spye
Close ayming at his breast, by whom desp'rd I dye?
Shoot home sweet *Loue*, and wound him that hee may not flye.

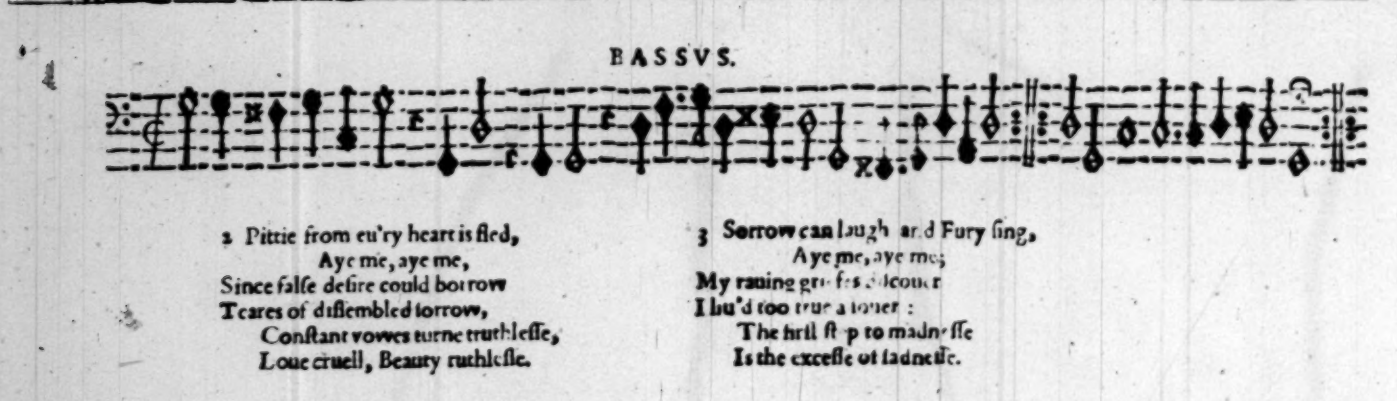
4 O then we both will sit in some vnhaunted shade,
And mocke each others wound which *Loue* hath sadly made:
O hope, ô thought too vaine, how quickly dost thou fade?

5 At Argene wonders still, his heart is free from paine,
Worne sorrowes sighes I spend, and teares, but all in vaine:
Yet *Loue* thou know'st by right I should not thus complaine.

Eauty is but a painted hell: aye me, aye me, shee wounds them that admire



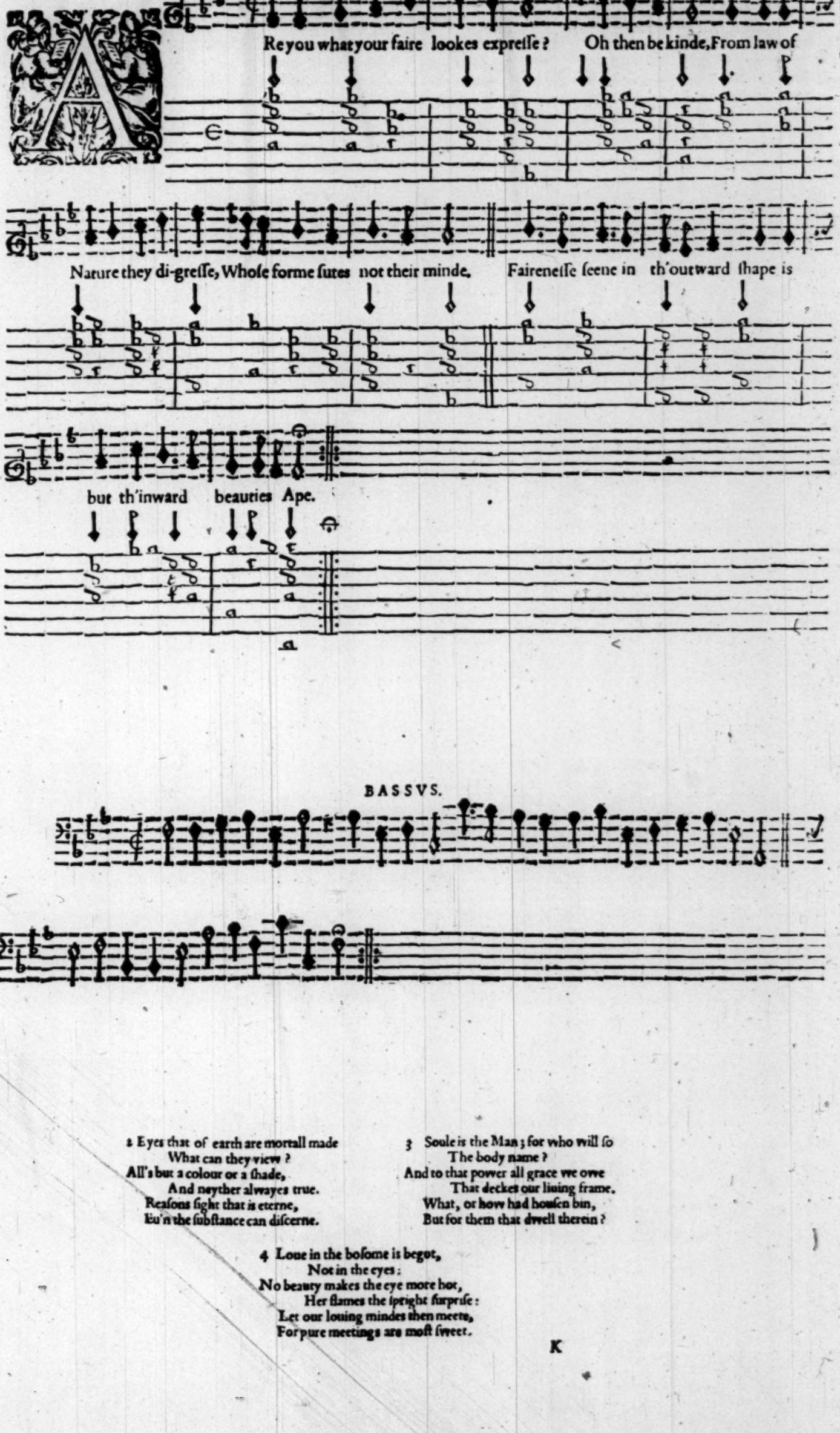
it, Shee kils them that desire it. Giue her pride but quell, No fire is more cru- ell.



BASSVS.

2 Pittie from eu'ry heart is fled,
Aye me, aye me,
Since false desire could borrow
Teares of dissembled sorrow,
Constant vowes turne truthlesse,
Loue cruell, Beauty ruthlesse.

3 Sorrow can laugh and Fury sing,
Aye me, aye me;
My raging griefes discouer
I liu'd too true a louer:
The first step to madnesse
Is the excesse of sadnesse.

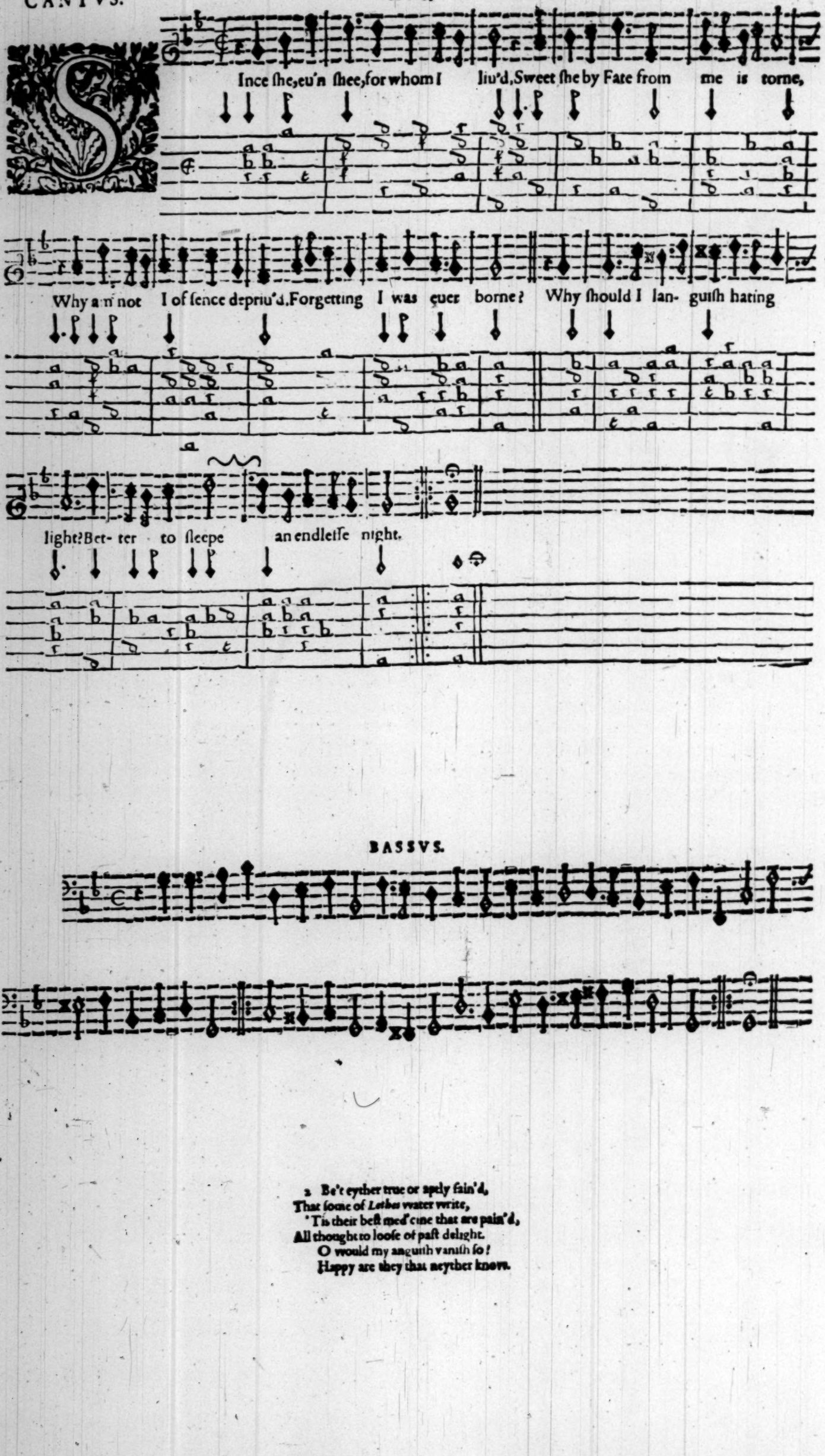


BASSVS.

2 Eyes that of earth are mortall made
What can they view?
All's but a colour or a ſhade,
And neyther alwayes true.
Reaſons ſight that is eterne,
Eu'n the ſubſtance can diſcerne.

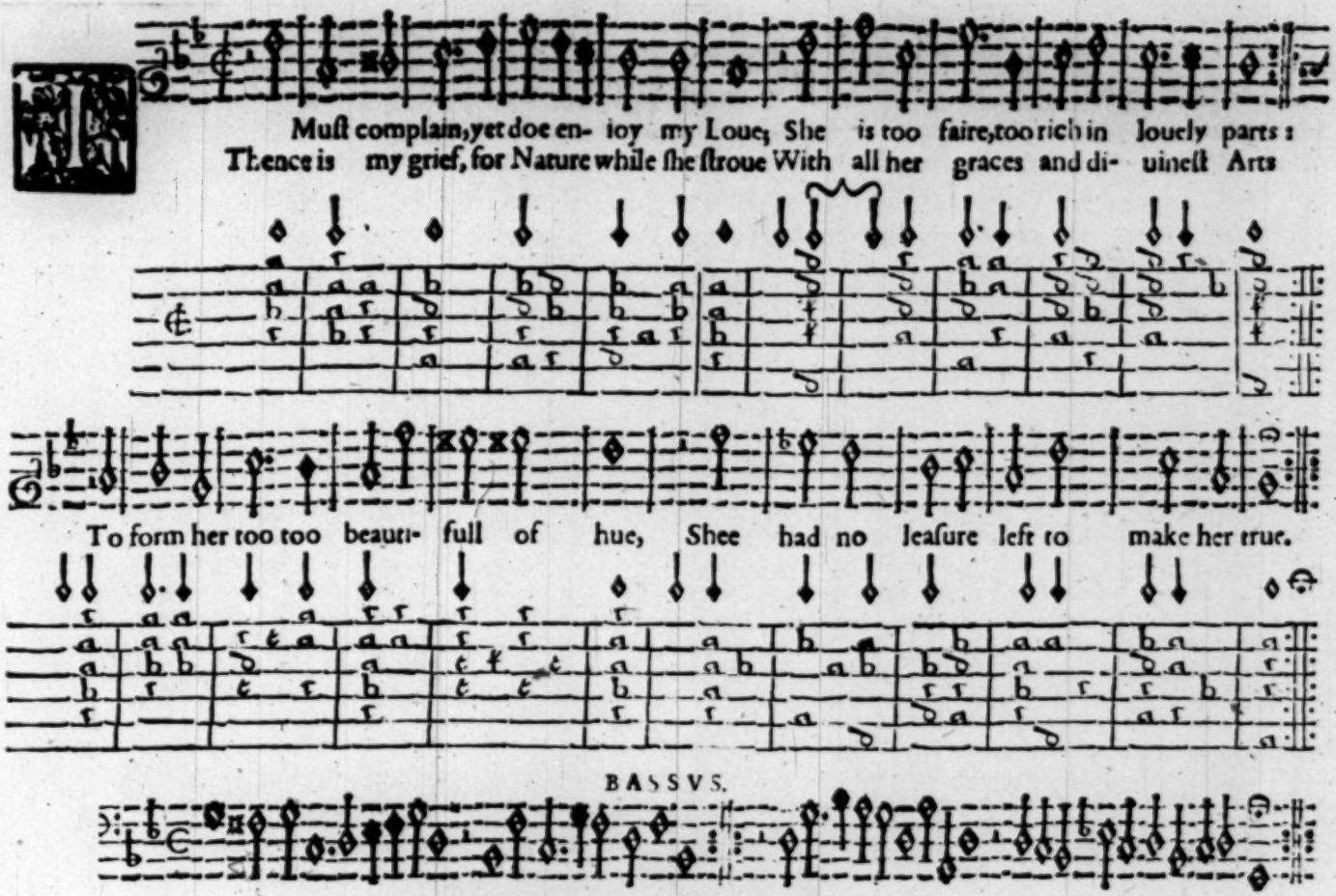
3 Soule is the Man; for who will ſo
The body name?
And to that power all grace we owe
That deckes our liuing frame.
What, or how had houſen bin,
But for them that dwell therein?

4 Loue in the boſome is begot,
Not in the eyes:
No beauty makes the eye more hot,
Her flames the ſpright ſurpriſe:
Let our louing mindes then meete,
For pure meetings are moſt ſweet.



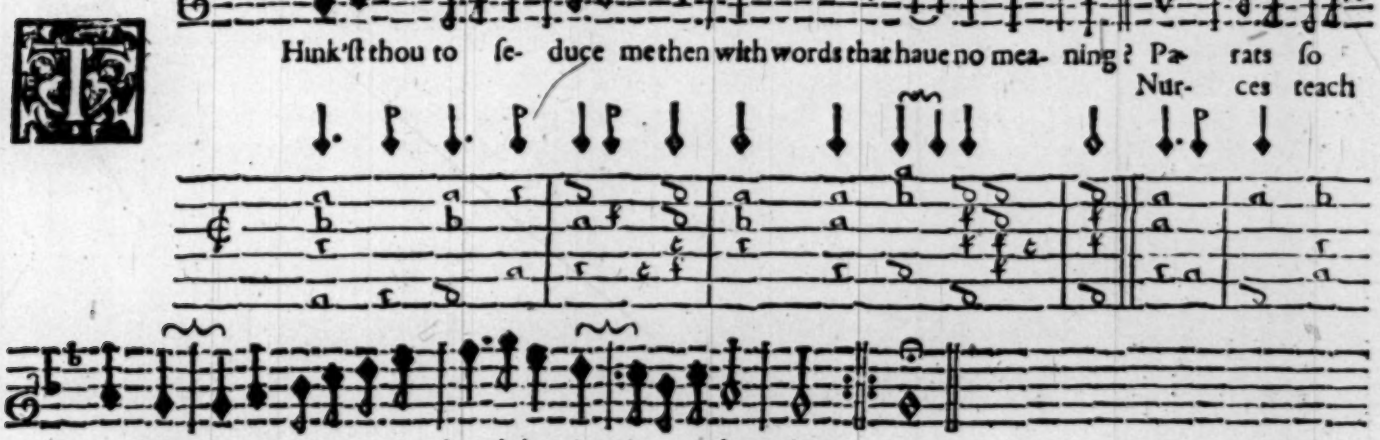
BASSVS.

2 Be't eyther true or aptly fain'd,
That ſoone of *Lethes* water writ,
'Tis their beſt med'cine that are pain'd,
All thought to looſe of paſt delight.
O would my anguiſh vaniſh ſo!
Happy are they that neyther know.



2 Should I agriev'd then wish thee were lesse fayre?
That were repugnant to mine owne desires:
Shee is admir'd, new louers still repayre,
That kindles daily loues forgetfull fires.
Rest iealous thoughts, and thus resolue at last,
Shee hath more beauty then becomes the chast.

CANTVS. XVIII.



2 Learne to speake first, then to wooe, to wooing much pertayneth:
Hee that courts vs wanting Arte, soone falters when he fayneth:
Lookes a-squint on his discourse, and smiles when hee complaineth.

3 Skilfull Anglers hide their hookes, fit baytes for euery season;
But with crooked pins fish thou, as babes doe that want reason,
Gogions onely can be caught with such poore trickes of treason.

4 Ruth forgiue me if I err'd from humane hearts compassion,
When I laught sometimes too much to see thy foolish fashion:
But alas, who lesse could doe that found so good occasion?

Er fayre inflaming eyes, chiefe authors of my cares,
I prai'd in humbleſt wiſe, With grace to view my teares: They be- held me broad a- wake, But a-
laſſe no ruth would take.

BASSVS.

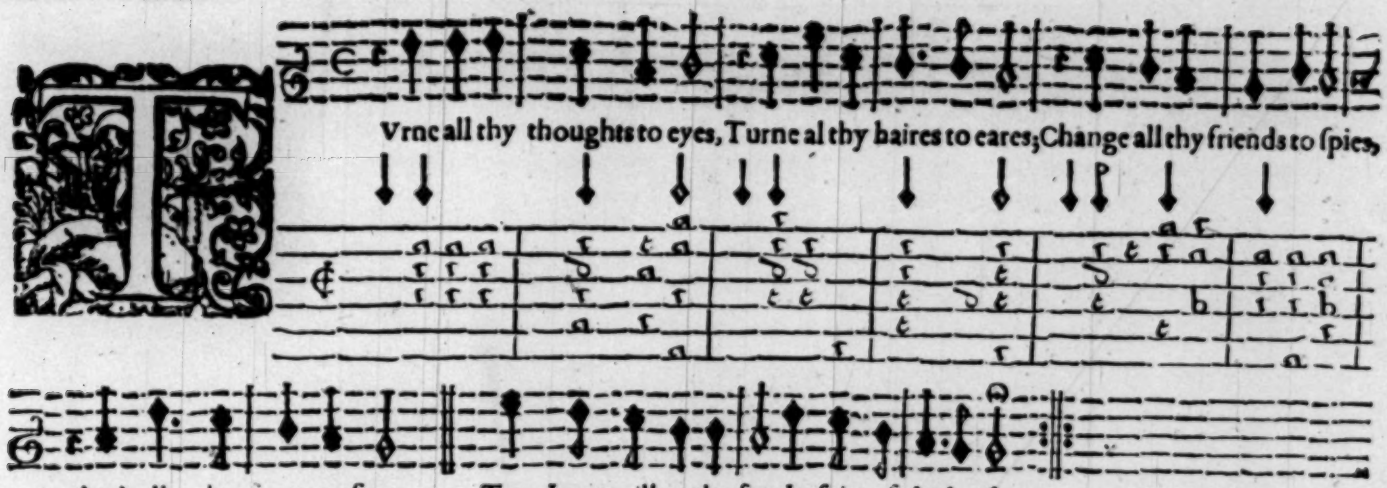
2 Her lips with kiſſes rich,
And words of fayre delight,
I fayrely did beſeech
To pitty my ſad plight:
But a voyce from them brake forth
As a whirle-winde from the North.

3 Then to her hands I fled,
That can giue heart and all,
To them I long did plead,
And loud for pitty call:
But alas they put mee off,
With a touch worſe then a ſcoffe.

4 So backe I ſtraight return'd,
And at her breaſt I knock'd;
Where long in vaine I mourn'd,
Her heart ſo faſt was lock'd:
Not a word could paſſage finde,
For a Rocke inclos'd her minde.

5 Then downe my pray'rs made way
To thoſe moſt comely parts,
That make her flye or ſtay,
As they affect deſerts:
But her angry feete thus mou'd
Fled with all the parts I lou'd.

6 Yet fled they not ſo faſt
As her enraged minde:
Still did I after haſte,
Still was I left behinde,
Till I found 'twas to no end
With a Spirit to contend.



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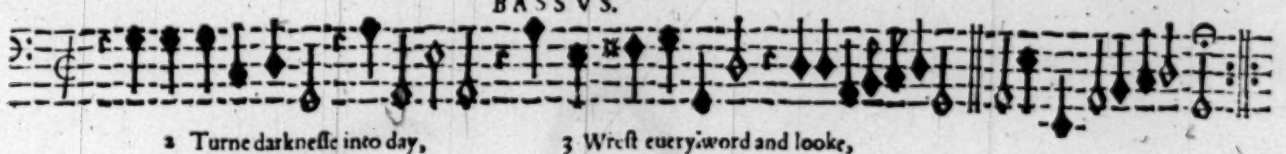
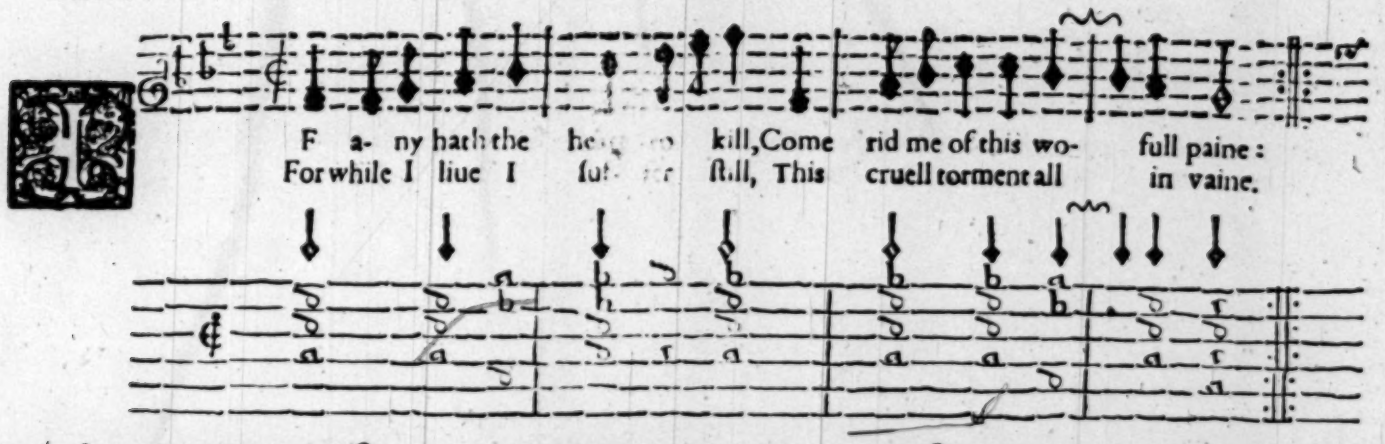


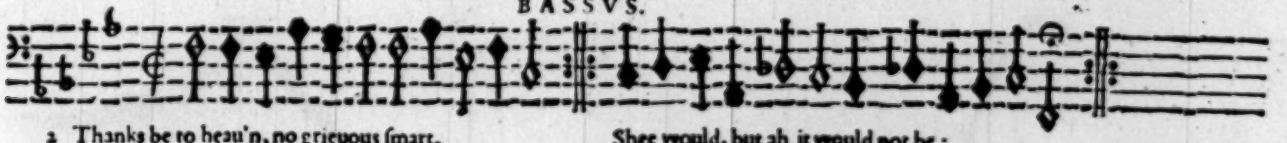
2 Turne darknesse into day,
Coniectures into truth:
Beleeue what th'enuious say,
Let age interpret youth
True loue will yet be free,
In spite of Iealousie.

3 Wrest euery word and looke,
Racke eu'ry hidden thought:
Or fish with golden hooke,
True loue cannot be caught,
For that will still be free,
In spite of Iealousie.

CANTVS. XXI.



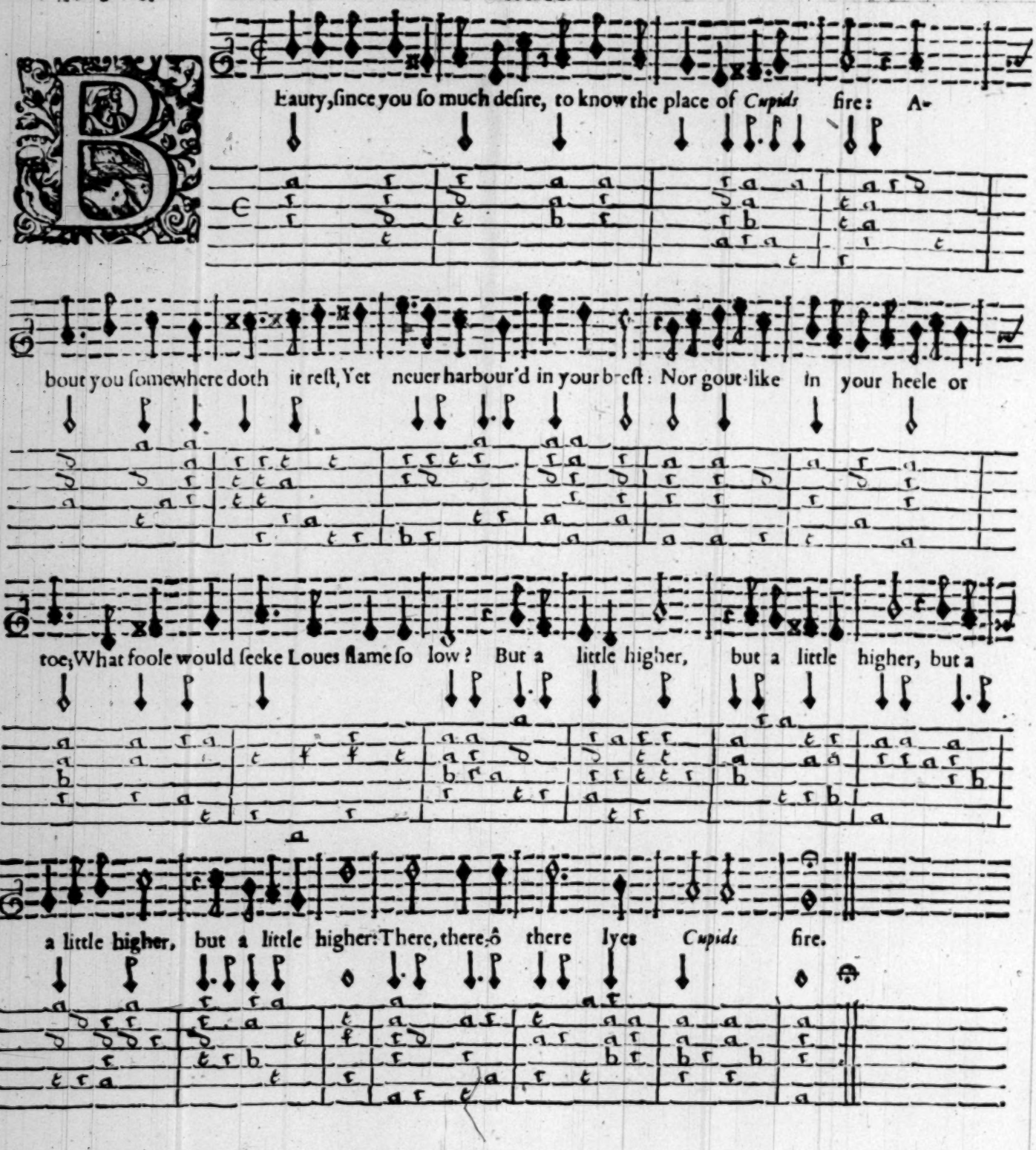
BASSVS.



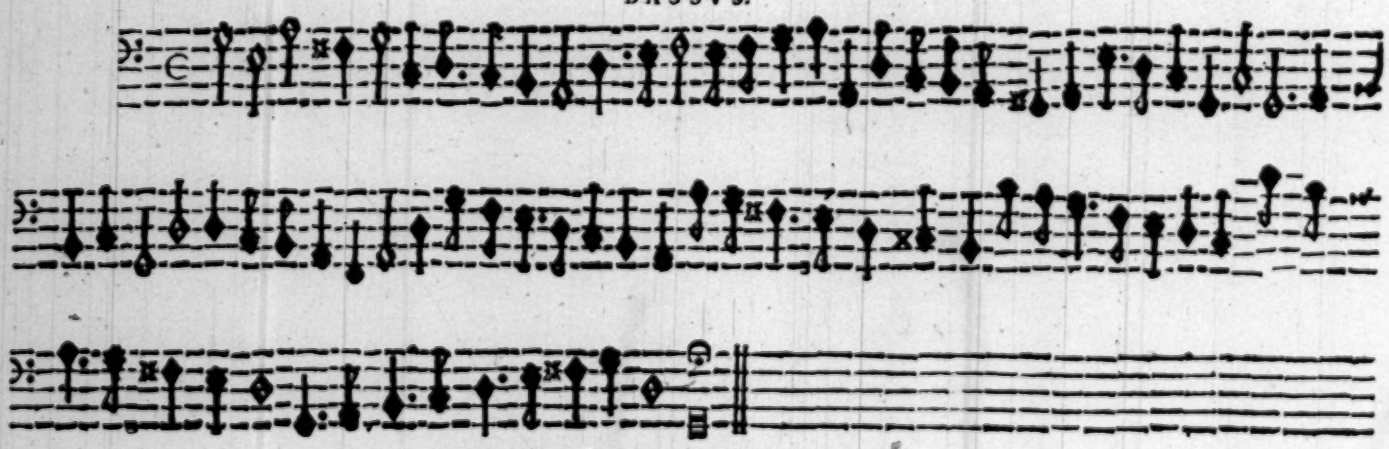
2 Thanks be to heau'n, no grieuous smart,
No maladies my limbes annoy:
I beare a sound and sprightfull heart,
Yet liue I quite depriu'd of ioy;
Since what I had in vaine I craue,
And what I had not now I haue.

3 A Loue I had so fayre, so sweet,
As euer wanton eye did see:
Once by appointment wee did meete,
Shee would, but ah it would not be:
She gaue her heart, her hand shee gaue,
All did I giue, shee nought could haue.

4 What Hagge did then my powers forespeake,
That neuer yet such taint did feele?
Now shee reiects me as one weake,
Yet am I all compos'd of steele.
Ah this is it my heart doth grieue,
Now though shee sees shee'le not beleeue.



BASSVS.

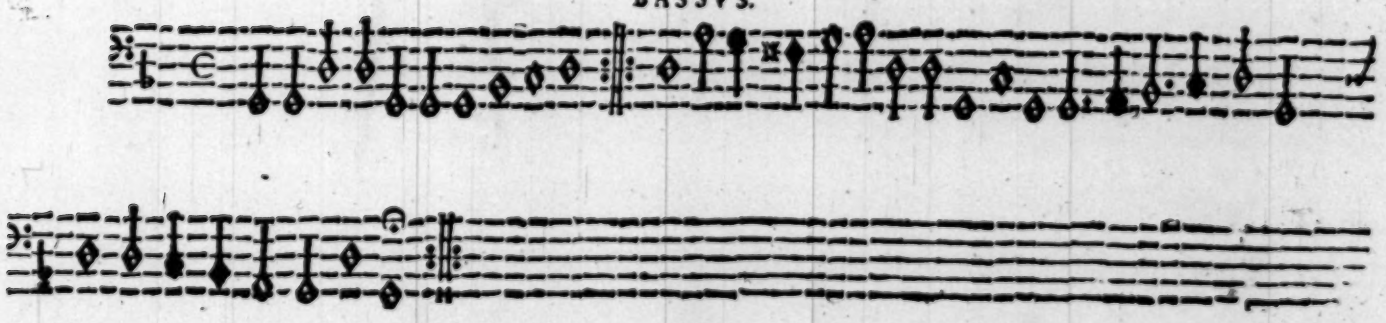


2 Thinke not when *Cupid* most you scorne,
Men iudge that you of Ice were borne:
For though you cast loue at your heele,
His fury yet sometime you feele,
And where-abouts if you would know,
I tell you still not in your toe:
But a little higher, but a little higher;
There, there, ô there lyes *Cupids* fire.

Our faire lookes vrge my de- ſire, Calme it ſweet with loue, I. Loue
Stay, ô why will you re- tire? Can you churliſh proue?

may per- ſwade, loues pleaſures deare de- ny not: Here is a groue ſe- cur'd with ſhade, O then be

wiſe and flye not.



1 Harke the Birds delighted ſing,
Yet our pleaſure ſleepes:
Wealth to none can profit bring,
Which the miſer keepes:
O come while we may,
Let's chayne Loue with embraces,
Wee haue not all times time to ſtay,
Nor ſafety in all places.

3 What ill finde you now in this?
Or who can complaine?
There is nothing done amiſſe
That breedes no man payne.
'Tis now flowry *May*,
But eu'n in cold *December*,
When all theſe leaues are blowne away
This place ſhall I remember.

Faine would I wed a faire yong man, that day and night could pleaſe mee:
When my mind or bo- dy grie- ued that had the powre to eaſe mee.

Maids are full of lon- ging thoughts, that breed a bloudleſſe ſickeneſſe: Oft I haue beene
And that oft I heare men ſay, is one- ly cur'd by quickneſſe. Many for a

[illegible] could be moued: But this foolish mind of mine straight loaths the thing re-
[illegible] I haue lou'd dearely loued; If to loue be ſinne in mee, that ſinne is I alone ab-

ſolued. Sure I thinke I ſhall at laſt liue to ſome ho- ly Order; Yet I would not
ſolued. When I once am ſet- led there then can I flye no farther: As I was by

dye a maid, be- cauſe I had a mother.
one brought forth I would bring forth an- other.

BASSVS.

FINIS.

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